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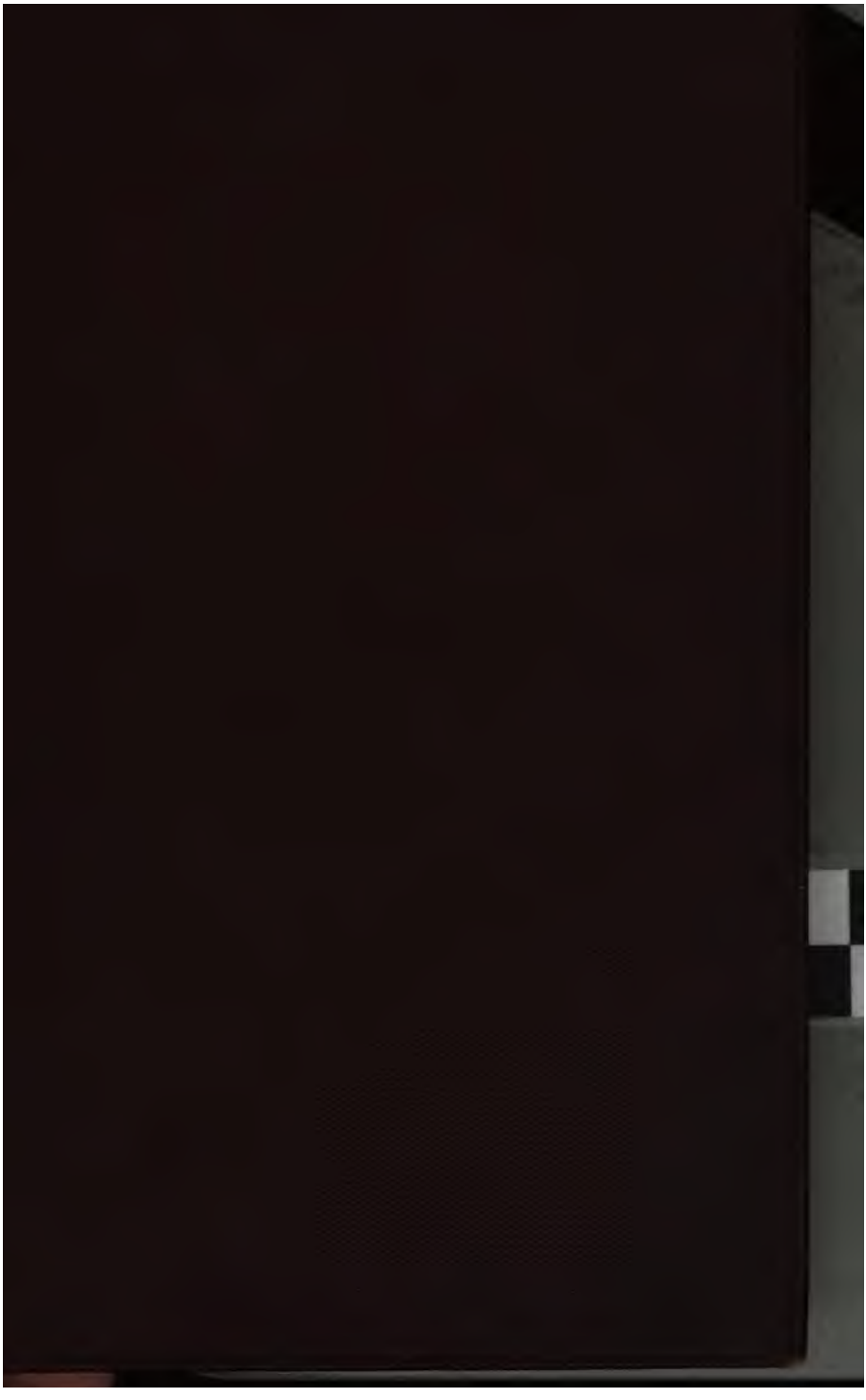

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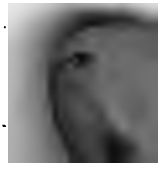

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

Its Present Claim and Attraction

AND OTHER WRITINGS

BY
THEODORE C. PEASE
BARTLET PROFESSOR OF SACRED RHETORIC IN ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PROFESSOR EGBERT C. SMYTH, D. D.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Skies were not yet red with sunset, far off still the evening bell,
Only sights and sounds of midday eye and ear could seem to tell,
And we knew not that our greeting was the greeting of farewell,

Did not know, in our rejoicing, that the hour had waxed so late,
That the tides were sobbing seaward which can neither turn nor wait,
And already in our presence stood the Opener of the Gate.

Thin the veil that hides the future we have never seen nor can;
But that future somehow mingles strangely in the life of man,
While we see in part, and only see in part, the Father's plan.

Every life hath its completeness — Are there not twelve hours still
In the day? — And whosoever makes his own the Master's will,
Living, dying, staying, going, doth the circle all fulfill.

Friend of ours, we did not tell thee all we might have told that day;
Many another thing we cherished in our heart of hearts to say,
Had we known it was expedient thou so soon shouldst go away.

We were looking for achievement, and the victory had been won;
For the golden years of service — with the sands so nearly run;
Yea, we thought it the beginning, when God said thy work was done.

We shall not forget thee — never, while the way before us towers;
Something from thy life in passing touched the inner springs in ours;
Thou henceforth art in alliance there with God's uplifting powers.

Thou art here; lo, thou art yonder, where the heavenly seasons roll,
Where in light and life immortal ends the pathway of the soul, —
One hand beckoning, and the other resting on the shining goal.

S. V. COLE.

"*The Fortnightly*," *November 27, 1893.*

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little volume deserves attention apart from its memorial character. Its level and range of thought, and its literary quality, are of a high order. Those especially who would cultivate the power of apt and effective public speaking will find in it much that is helpful.

It is capable of a yet higher service, and for a wider circle. Whatever presents to the mind a true ideal, and quickens the energies necessary to its pursuit, has a universal value and is fitted to gain permanent influence. This ideal may specially concern a particular profession, yet its elevation and nobleness belong to all pure and lofty aims and bring them to view, and the strenuous purpose revealed in its pursuit in any direction of effort is identical or accordant with the resolution demanded for the cultivation of excellence in all other spheres in which it may be attained. It is in this way that the following pages, even those most exclusively occupied with the objects and methods of a single calling, will attract and influence, it is hoped, men of other vocations, and, in-

deed, so far as they become known, every generous and aspiring mind. This their wider adaptation and import will doubtless appear at once to any one who will carefully peruse them. Yet a brief reference to some facts personal to the author of the lectures, sermons, and other productions here gathered together may not be superfluous.

Professor Pease was endowed with unusual gifts for linguistic and literary pursuits. The Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish, Italian languages were easily at his command, and he was unusually conversant with the best in their literatures. He had a strong natural predilection for æsthetic studies. The call came to him to take up the work of a preacher of the gospel and of a pastor. Fearing lest his love of *belles lettres*, if he wrote his sermons, would hazard or mar their essential quality as addresses, converting them more or less into essays, he early determined to speak to men directly and under the influence of their immediate presence. Perfecting in every way his conception of the possible power and highest objects of such address, he gave himself with remarkable assiduity and strength of resolution to the realization of his ideal. He was first and most of all a diligent student of the Word of God, reading it in the original languages with critical care, catching with ear attent the very "accent of the Holy

Ghost." The cure of souls was to him an important part of his ministry, and intimately connected with the material and aim of his preaching. He endeavored to enter into the meaning and progress of the lives, into the intimate needs, of his people in his successive charges. He spoke from life to life. The subjects of his sermons were thoughtfully selected; their materials carefully collected and arranged; orderliness and lucidity reigned supreme. Their diction was a triumph of an art which was wholly concealed, and was gained by a severe discipline and the use of a definite and intelligent method. As I have intimated, the forms of speech which Mr. Pease used in preaching were not fixed in advance by reducing them to writing. Neither were they in general committed to memory. Free room and play were left for the inspirations which come to a prepared speaker when fully enlisted and engaged in actual discourse. Apart from the special and immediate preparation of the matter of his discourse, his method was to perfect himself in the English tongue so that in the delivery of his sermon, in the expression of his thought when face to face with an audience, he would be in command of this language as a musician is master of the instrument on which he plays. His vocabulary became at once copious and select by a veritable conquest of words, acquiring them by wresting from them

the secret of their individual weight and force, and by familiarity with them in their choicest uses; training his ear also to their energy or delicacy, and fixing them in memory, by often repeating them aloud. One way in which he enlarged the range of his vocabulary, and at the same time made it more select and serviceable, was the daily, or at least regular and persevering, oral translation into English from foreign authors whose diction was most marked by the note of distinction. This practice aided memory by associating the sound of the word with its characters, and also rendered more flexible the organs of speech. The result in his own preaching was marked. With but few notes, he spoke with an easy command of language which was so natural and perfect as to be almost unnoticed save by those who reflected upon what was occurring. The words were but the thought, the theme, the motive which stirred to action. They were a lucid atmosphere, the medium of vision. If their force or beauty arrested attention, it was as the form which the spiritual reality they embodied most naturally assumed. Mere fluency may diminish expression, and is not a rare nor difficult attainment. The choice of the right word, the unfettered use of language appropriate to thoughts that range from earth to heaven, the spontaneous selection of forms and sounds that vary to the changing note

and onward movement of persuasive discourse; of words that with the Spirit's power bring conviction of sin, righteousness, and judgment, that strengthen for conflict and minister consolation, that point out plainly the path the Saviour trod, and move men to follow Him, is quite another art and far more difficult to gain.

Yet it is not a particular method, or its success, to which I desire most to call attention, or which lends to this volume, as already noticed, its distinctive worth. It stands for life in its highest mood and consecration. What has any one better to do, or for which stimulus and help are of more value to him, than to strive after the best?

I scarcely have known a more pathetic termination of a public career than the close of Mr. Pease's life. He had been called to the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in Andover Seminary with a delightful unanimity. His acceptance of the office had been deliberate and conscientious, and marked by a conviction that his life had led him up to this special work. He entered on direct preparation for it with an enthusiasm, modest, quiet, controlled, yet clear and strong, and from unfailing fountains. Many gathered to listen to his inaugural, to welcome him to the work he was undertaking. How bright were the growing and fruitful years that seemed to lie before him. He

mapped out his course of lectures, was about to enter on their delivery, and his voice was stilled.

To our Christian faith there are no uncompleted lives for those who are one with the Conqueror of the grave. Yet, besides this deepest of consolations, is the solace, that here, within our earthly horizons, and in so brief a time, there had been so genuine and noble an achievement. He who had thus wrought and succeeded had seen the heavenly vision, which in its own divine way comes to all, and had been obedient to it. Choosing a special form of service, he had made perfection in it his aim. All his life was smitten by the love of the ideal. And there was in this life something yet more important to be noticed, for it is more rare and stimulating; the resolve, the unalterable decision, to attain to what he saw, a power and majesty ever commanding him and beckoning him on. The inaugural address, and the opening lectures he was to have delivered, have from this point of view an imperishable charm. They mean what one man saw as a worthy aim, and what he had been willing to do for it, and this not as a transient impulse or purpose, but as a daily consecration and unintermitting and strenuous endeavor. The few other productions which accompany those just referred to also serve, each in its own way, to illustrate the same significance of his

life. The clergymen, whose affectionate remembrance of their brother and desire to widen his influence, and the parishioners who have assisted them in executing this purpose, in offering this volume to the public, know full well how little it suggests of his ministerial work, and how inadequately it represents his preaching. A life which had sacrificed literary aims in obedience to a call for direct and active service in the Christian ministry, had cut itself off from the early preparation of works for publication.

I knew and loved Mr. Pease as a pupil. His scholarship was accurate, his fidelity constant, his simplicity and sincerity of character marked and attractive. With peculiar pleasure he was welcomed to his chair of instruction. If he had lived to enter fully on its duties he would have been, beyond question, a fit and distinguished teacher of preachers.

This volume, brief as it is, contains and reveals the secret of all true power. It testifies to a life which aimed, in deep sincerity, in humility, in fullness of consecration, with a constant and victorious resoluteness, to achieve what is ideally best and of all things the most real. We are impressed anew with the power of such an ideal when taken up into a human will.

E. C. S.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, May 8, 1894.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THEODORE CLAUDIUS PEASE was born in the city of Poughkeepsie, New York, on the 14th of October, 1853. The few available facts as to his lineage and early years are thus given in his own words in the records of his class at Harvard: —

"The origin of the name Pease is uncertain. But as a coat of arms granted to the family by Otho II. of Germany has a pea haulm in an eagle's beak, the name is probably connected in some way with the pea plant. Whether the family came first from Germany or Italy is a disputed point. The first individual of the name of whom we have any record was John Pease, LL. D., who lived in England A. D. 1472. One branch of the family traces its descent to Robert Pease, who came from Ipswich, England, the last of April, 1634, and settled in Salem. His second son, John, removed from Salem to Fresh Water Brook, which was then a part of Springfield, Massachusetts, but is now Thompsonville, Connecticut. His second son, Robert, removed to the adjoining town of Enfield in 1681, and is said to have been one of the first con-

stables of that town. His second son, Robert, lived for a time in Andover, Massachusetts, but afterwards settled in that part of Enfield, Connecticut, now called Somers. His fourth son was born in Somers, June 28, 1739, and lived in his native town as a farmer. He was a lieutenant in the Revolution. His eldest son, Giles, was born in Somers, April 13, 1763. He was a merchant, and held the office of justice of the peace.

"His eldest son, born at Somers, January 30, 1789, was named Theodore. He settled in Hartford as a merchant, but died at the age of thirty, July 26, 1819. His second son, my father, Claudius Buchanan, was born in Somers, April 22, 1815. He was a merchant for ten years in Georgia, and six years in New Orleans, La. Then he engaged in the lumber business in New York city, living in Poughkeepsie, and afterwards was a paper manufacturer in Springfield, Mass.

"My mother, whose name before her marriage was Elvira Ann Smith, was the daughter of Jonathan and Elvira Parsons Smith." She was a woman of noble character and of rare refinement and culture, and her son inherited from her, as he believed, his love for literature and his facility in language. She died at Poughkeepsie, April 30, 1855, at the age of thirty-four years, six months and six days.

"I was then, when two years and a half old,

taken to Somers, where I lived with my father's mother and sister. When I was twelve and a half years old this sister of my father's, my aunt Sarah, died, and my father came to Somers, where he remained till I was sixteen, at which time we removed to Springfield. I fitted for college partly with Professor Ripley, who established a home school in Somers, and mostly at the Springfield High School, under Mr. O. M. Fernald, since professor of Greek in Williams College, then classical instructor in this school, to whom its graduates owed largely the excellent preparation for college which they received."

This record shows the growth, on the stock of a typical New England family rooted in the soil of an ordinary New England village, of the beautiful character and talent which this book commemorates. It has a further value as portraiture, for it bears witness thus early to the writer's love of detail, eagerness for all the facts that might cast light on the subject in hand, and careful habit of research and statement which led him to set down with accuracy, and with even greater fullness than our abridgment shows, all available particulars in a record to be closed unread, and sealed in the vaults of a safe deposit.

This trait is observed in the earliest recollections we have of his childhood. An occasional inmate

of the home remembers him "at an age when he was not too old to sit on her knee, and yet old enough to love books and reading, and to talk of them as he sat there." Into his studies he entered with such zest that at school he had no rivals. But his chief delight was in "a precious old anthology of prose and verse, which he searched for treasures to read, talk of, repeat, or make the model of his own expression. He was a happy child, the light and sunshine of the home, loving and lovable, full of breezy life and fun." Like all boys in country homes, he had his share of the tasks and "chores" about the place. These he seems to have disliked, in the degree that they were solitary; but whether to his taste or not, "he always did them obediently, and with the same thoroughness that marked all his work through life. There were no more weeds left in the garden bed when he had finished than there were inaccuracies in his New Testament work in after life. The child was father of the man." The proverb applies with even greater force to his love and gift of reading mentioned above. This grew with his growth, and became a great talent, so that whoever knew him at all knew of this. The swiftness, the persistence, the range and variety of his reading, which made all literature both in ancient and modern tongues his domain, the power to possess and

retain the substance, and if he pleased the verbal form of what he read, and to estimate, digest, and assimilate it, may fairly be compared with the like gift of Macaulay, and, as in the case of Macaulay, was the amazement of his friends, impressing most those who knew him best. On the early beginnings of this passion and practice we have his own testimony. The only portion of the little autobiography from which we have quoted that leaves simple facts for anything like a personal "confession" is the closing paragraph.

"My love for reading has always been greater than for any kind of amusement. But a small country town afforded little opportunity for its gratification, and the taste was but poorly directed. My present mother, formerly a principal of Mount Holyoke Seminary, whose maiden name was Mary W. Chapin, has assisted me largely; and from our removal to Springfield my eyes alone have set the bounds to my unlimited enjoyment of books. I well remember how much of school hours even I spent in reading the songs in 'Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature,' a copy of which was kept in school for reference. In college the same devotion to reading has continued, and the gratification of this, and an equally boundless love of writing, has proved the most delightful, if not the most valuable, part of my college work. My plans

for life are quite undeveloped as yet, but I trust that opportunities to gratify these two tastes will not be wanting."

The impression of his mental bent thus gained is deepened by the witness of all who knew him in college. His record of scholarship and social standing, as marked by rank, honors, and offices, is creditable. He stood first of the second ten in his class. In Freshman year he received one of the Lee prizes for reading, and at the beginning of the Sophomore year a "detur," — Walton's Lives. He was a member of the society of Christian Brethren, of the Everett Athenæum, of the Π. H. and the O. K., and the Φ. B. K. societies. From the middle of his Sophomore to the middle of his Senior year, he was editor of the "Advocate." He was Odist at the Sophomore Class Supper, and was elected Class Poet at graduation. This latter part was done with great distinction, and received marked attention from Professor James Russell Lowell, who, during the last two years of his course at least, favored him with his acquaintance and society, and guided him in his reading, his style, and especially his study and practice of the forms of verse. It was in lines like these that he was set apart from his classmates, and, at least in poetical gift, from the men of his time in college.

His general fame at Harvard arose chiefly out

of his work on the "Advocate," to which he contributed an extraordinary number of articles, more than sixty-five in all. Scarcely an issue appeared without some verse above his initials. Many of these were reprinted in periodicals of wider circulation; and in the volume of "Verses from the Harvard Advocate," which preserved in more permanent form the best poetry of the first twelve years of its issue, only two competitors approached him in the number of poems found worthy of insertion, while his contributions exceed those of both of them together. His literary and linguistic aptitudes were thought phenomenal. "He absorbed a language, and tongues dead or living were real vestibules whereby he entered into a knowledge of the life and thought of ancient or modern peoples." This judgment of a classmate and lifelong friend, who has since won distinction in the same profession, like all else that is said of him in youth, casts a light forward over his whole life, which, as the same writer says, "was a natural development of what he was in college." His room, his hands, his pockets are remembered as loaded with books. His head seemed full of their contents, especially of poetry, which on occasion would flow in streams from his lips. All this will seem to those who knew him later as said of him but yesterday. There were favorite authors, and

passages, or poems, to which he must introduce every new friend. For how many has he been a guide to Dante, or Plato, or Browning, or Newman, or whatever author each man's specialty or aptitude would respond to? Yet neither then nor later was there any touch of conceit, of pedantry or patronage in this. He hated ostentation and display; modesty and reserve were an unfailing element in his charm. But he loved beauty, and he loved his fellows, and whether his companion were child or adult, man or woman, it was his nature to share every treasure of his own which he felt would be welcome. To this he was impelled in part by a fine passion for expression, but even more by the nobler delight in impartation.

As one said of him in later years, he had a genius for friendship and comradeship. This, we have seen, was noted in his childhood. To many of his classmates this seemed his most notable trait. His work was done easily and naturally; it seemed no more to absorb him than breathing, and left him undiminished spirits and leisure for companionship. "His room was a social centre for a congenial set. His recreations and even his tasks he preferred to do in company." "He was healthy, cheerful, friendly, entertaining, full of wit and merriment, and often in high states of mental and emotional happiness." "Yet no degree of hilarity,

no provocation of his sense of humor, ever betrayed him into a vulgar word." "He was high-minded, pure, guileless, sensitive, poetic." "A lover of beauty, moral and intellectual, he was never heard to say anything to mar the sweet purity of his ideal."

Two years before he entered college, in October, 1869, when fifteen years old, he joined the Congregational church in Somers, Conn. From his Freshman year he was a member of the Christian Brethren, and "in class-meetings, Christian Brethren meetings, and in personal intercourse, he exhibited a high standard of Christian life." "He was also among the first members of a little society founded in his Freshman year, under the name of Ὑπηρέται Χριστοῦ, and which consisted of men from different classes looking forward to the Christian ministry."

The influences and inclinations leading him into his life's calling reach further back, and lie deeper than our scanty light enables us to follow. The tone of uncertainty in the closing sentence of his class record, and perhaps the interval of two years which he let pass between Harvard and Andover, given in part to teaching literature in Annapolis Naval Academy, seem to show that his purpose was not settled when he left college. For aspirants to the ministry those were times of great

mental perplexity. There was a breach between the church, its faith and ideal, and the world in the light of modern learning and activity, which the teaching and example of ministers like himself have helped to remove. But though he took time to know his mind and his duty, he always sought the determining impulses to his calling as far back as the confines of his earliest remembrance, and felt his vocation to be coeval with his life. "I have long known," he said when he received his license to preach, "that I could never be anything else than a Christian minister."

He received his special training for the ministry in Andover Theological Seminary, where after three years of study he was graduated in 1880. In August of the same year he was married to Abby Frances Cutter, who, with her oldest and only surviving child, Arthur Stanley Pease, is now living in Andover, Massachusetts.

In June of his Senior year in the Seminary he received and accepted a call to the Congregational Church in West Lebanon, New Hampshire, a town lying on the Connecticut River opposite to White River Junction, and four miles south of Dartmouth College, in a region beautifully mingling the charms of hill and river scenery. The parish includes a quiet, thrifty, little village with outlying farms. A young ladies' seminary in the place

then made part of the congregation. The church numbered something under two hundred members. Here he was ordained in September, 1880, and here he passed four busy, useful, fruitful, happy, and above all growing years.

On his part he became fond of the place and people, and never ceased to love them, and look back with satisfaction and pleasure on his life among them. On their side, "his life and his words made a deep and lasting impression for good on the community. As a man and a citizen he was highly honored and esteemed. Courtesy and cheerfulness were habitual in his bearing. The laborer and the college professor alike were charmed by his honest simplicity and profound erudition. As a scholar he won a steadily widening fame. His culture and learning were all the time a benefit to the community and the Seminary, and were recognized at the college. As a pastor he was beloved by his flock. Earnestness, spirituality, and sympathy were his marked characteristics. As a preacher he was without a peer in this region of the State. He was an eloquent and ready speaker, and drew many to his congregation."

This pastorate stands out in his life as an epoch of growth. He made rapid progress in the studies and art of his calling. He settled his habits and lines of reading and research; he formed definite

ideals of the functions of pastor and preacher; he discovered his gift, and perfected his style of extempore delivery. In the mastery of his profession, and the expansion and enrichment of his mental and even more his spiritual nature, he made an advance which did not fail to be remarked by those who watched him during these four years, and which overtook with surprise friends who had not seen him during the interval.

There is a curiously interesting account of his appearance as a man and a preacher at this time, which is good even for later years. A chance traveller, who had been caught over Sunday in the vicinity, found such unexpected compensation in the sermon he heard in the little church at West Lebanon that he was moved to write of it to the "Boston Journal" in a letter which appeared in the issue of February 3, 1884. He describes the preacher as "a young man, neither tall nor slight, with a broad face and scholarly brow; posture erect, except when speaking he lifts the head back and to one side a little; the sermon, extempore, — a minute study of words, a search for the essentials of the thing, careful analysis and discussion, a practical application to every-day life. Unity, progress, force, and point in the discourse. Words carefully not laboriously chosen, elocution pleasant, not lofty or ornate, but familiar and yet impressive,

suggesting conscientious sincerity and consecration. A thoughtful, powerful, practical sermon, gracefully and feelingly delivered, — an inspiration to a better life."

This singular communication to a daily paper, and evidently unbiased tribute of a passing stranger, precipitated an inevitable crisis in the career of the preacher thus signalized. It naturally arrested the attention of churches seeking a minister, and led to his being heard, and in the end called by the First Congregational Church in Malden, Mass.

This church is one of the three or four oldest in New England, having its beginnings as far back as 1648. The traditions of its long and honored line of pastors set an exacting ideal. It was the only church of its faith and order in the heart of the town, which grew rapidly, doubling its population in the nine years of this pastorate, during which the church added as many new names to its roll as it had resident members when Mr. Pease came to it. It served its large and outspread constituency not only in the various services of the central meeting house, but through several branches, some of which were started under him, and one developed into an independent church.

To supply the needs of this busy, growing church, this broad parish, these hundreds of families, the new pastor labored, fulfilling every function with

unwearied faithfulness. This pastorate, no less than the former one, was a period of growth, enlargement, ripening. But it bears the special mark of work and service.

He maintained his habits of study and culture, still following lines, some of which had engaged him in youth. Each day saw its canto of Dante read in the original, until, ere he closed it for the last time, he had been through the "Commedia" nearly seventy times. His critical, textual study of the Hebrew and Greek, and rapid reading of the English version of the Bible kept on, with growing concentration of interest. More or less directly everything became tributary to this, and to his study of the theory and art of preaching, to which more and more definitely he gave himself, as if drawn intuitively and by the compulsion of a divine call to the work which in the end was to claim him, and to which he was fitted and dedicated.

Yet all this was secondary and incidental to his service of his people. He was a busy, working, careful pastor, giving the best and most of his time and strength, and heart as well, to the burden of service, responsibility, sympathy, instruction, ministry; various, incessant, accumulating, no atom of which he would shirk, which he loved to bear. He never suffered a personal interest to interfere, never

spared himself, if any light, comfort, or power from the gospel could come through him to any single soul. Only his rare facility, versatility, and healthy vitality of mind and body enabled him to bear this steady and increasing strain without disaster. Too ready, we cannot but fear, he was to spend and be spent, too willing to make one of those slow, silent, often unnoticed offerings, of ministers who joy and rejoice to be poured out upon the sacrifice and service of the faith of their churches.

There is an eloquent monument of this patient, fruitful service in the pastor's record, which shows the number, variety, and scope of his instructions as teacher and preacher; and contains the roll of the large number whom by his voice and hand he welcomed into the church of Christ, every name written in that always beautiful handwriting, which here embodies each syllable and letter with a loving care, and nicety, that seems almost to speak of the minute knowledge and personal regard which each shared; fit symbol of that inward register which preserved indelibly the names, faces, personality, and heart's secrets of joy or sorrow, of all these and many more. He knew, not by effort, but because of his individual interest the register of his church literally by heart.

There is no end to the testimonies of those who only learn the more as the lapse of time parts them

from him, how much they are indebted to him for the blessing of sorrows comforted, or of faith found, recovered, or deepened and enlarged. "To those in trouble of any kind he was tenderly sympathetic and thoughtful, and was always more than glad to have inquiring, even doubting ones come to him for advice and assistance, and with such he had a happy faculty of clearing away the doubts, not so much by opposing arguments as by quietly and tactfully leading the thought to truths to which they could consent. In this way many a young man just on the verge of slipping away into the darkness of doubt or skepticism itself, or into indifference, was saved to a life of useful, earnest service of God."

In a wider way, "by his simple personal character, and the unconscious lifting of others by a pure, gracious, unselfish life, he was a constant inspiration in the community. Charming in conversation, a good listener as well as talker, quick in catching the humorous side of conversation, full of fun as well as scholarly and instructive, wholly above reproach in motive and in act, he won all hearts to him by his tender, loving charity, and his quick appreciation of the best to be found in all he met."

After all, his pulpit was the focus to which all his labors converged, from which his influence radiated. "Always earnest and impressive, he

was at times most eloquent, expressing largest, deepest truths in choicest language. He never failed to be instructive and inspiring, so honest and true to his own ideals; so spiritual and with such a sweet loving spirit, absolutely sinking all thought of self in his treatment of any sacred theme. His first aim — his constant aim in all his public efforts — was to be real in all he said from the pulpit, and so he was never betrayed into saying anything under the excitement of the occasion, or for the sake of effect, or which had not previously become a very part of his own honest thought and belief. This won him the lasting respect and esteem of his people, and gave all that he said great weight and power. The growth in Christian life under his preaching was, as he would have had it, largely unconscious of its source, even with those most affected by it. Yet it was none the less real, steady, and abiding. Many were gradually led to a larger conception of Christian truth and life, and more close, living, personal relations to Christ himself, through his ministry, who could not perhaps recall the particular sermons from which influences for good had come to them."

The prime defect of this memorial, bitterly regretted by its editors, as it will be by former hearers of Mr. Pease, is that it contains not even one fair example of what more than all else together was

the work and achievement of his life, — his sermons. They live in delightful memories, better still in the substance of the character and faith of many listeners, but to eye and ear they are lost beyond recall. The two herein printed are but waifs, broken and battered, that have drifted by chance currents to hand. They are reconstructed from incomplete shorthand notes, and the second of them lacks even the benefit of the author's revision. The poems too, it must be remembered, were as a rule not prepared by the writer for publication. The Essay on Dante needs, indeed, no apology. It should not, however, be understood to represent the author's powers of thought or expression at their best, for, though it bears a recent date, it was the slow development and late revision of a theme the lines of which were fixed by an effort of his immature powers.

This volume as a whole is a memorial of the mind and art of one who was resolutely withholding himself from work for publication until the full time of harvest should come. He had no sooner put in the sickle than it dropped from his hand. The small handful of precious first-fruits, in the opening address and lectures, best tell us what the harvest would have been.

In May, 1893, he received, and in June accepted, a call to become Bartlet Professor of Sacred Rhe-

toric and Lecturer on Pastoral Theology in Andover Theological Seminary. He formally closed his pastorate in Malden, with a farewell sermon, September 3. He had already moved to Andover, and begun, without any interval of rest, the preparation of his Inaugural Address. This was delivered September 20, in the presence of an assembly, which filled to its utmost capacity the Seminary chapel, and was made significant by the presence of representatives from near and far of his brethren in the ministry, with whose general approval and acclaim he had been called to his chair. This done, he turned at once with ardor and growing zest to the duties of his professorship, giving his time mostly to the preparation of his course in Homiletics, of which he had drawn out a complete scheme, and fully prepared five introductory lectures. As he speedily came to the decision to adopt the same free method in their delivery that he used in preaching, he wrote out only the first two, and hence these alone, though not surpassing the rest in interest and value, are available for publication.

Over these closing weeks, full of enthusiasm and activity, slowly crept the deepening shadow of a strange physical lassitude, which his friends accounted for by the loss of his wonted summer's rest, and the excessive mental and emotional strains

he had been under; but its insidious cause duly appeared in a fever, which proved to be typhoid, and after three weary weeks, happily free from severe pain, terminated his life.

His mind was quite clear at the last, and he knew well that he was near his "passing." He looked back with humble, earnest gratitude, because "he had been permitted for thirteen years to be a minister of the Lord Jesus;" onward, with confident hope that he should soon meet this same dear Lord, and friends gone before, among them his own mother, of whom he had no memory, only all his life a longing for, and the one who had so truly taken a mother's place to him, and of whom we have seen dutiful mention in his class record. To friends he was leaving on earth, he sent his love, mentioning them singly and in groups, and in particular to "every member of the church in West Lebanon, and of the church in Malden." To all, in whatever degree of nearness they stood to him, to wife, to son, to father, and sisters, to his students, fellow-professors, fellow-ministers, to the churches he had served, he left in some form the same message: "Tell them, when one comes here, where I am there seems only one thing worth liv ing for, — to love and to serve the Lord Jesus." With such words were filled the last hours of a beautiful Lord's day afternoon, and towards the

dawn of the next morning, November 20, 1893, he was given the answer of his prayer, audibly uttered, "Let me go, for the day breaketh."

To friends in a wider circle, all unforewarned, the news of this sudden departure brought a painful revulsion of their feelings of pleasure in his promotion, joy in his first triumph, and boundless hopes of his career, and left them bewildered by the startling and mysterious stroke. One group of these, which had gradually clustered about the personality of Mr. Pease, with whom he had been, the guest and hero of their gathering, only the day before his prostration by illness, when they met after his death found a voice for their emotions in the few verses read by one of their number. They stand at the front of this volume, in some measure, perchance, to speak the thoughts of many hearts.

It was wonderful how soon the gloom above the enigma of this heavy grief and loss broke and lifted before the shining of a holy life, and the light of the truths in which it had been lived, of which it still spoke. The Seminary chapel, where he had so lately given his inaugural, was filled with the sound of hymns of cheer and hope that he loved, and a simple ritual of Scripture and prayer. About him were gathered, as before, a great assembly, returning to share the joy of a loftier triumph with one who had again been called

to "come up higher," and "wear a truer crown than any wreath that man can weave him."

Only a few steps back of this chapel and the line of Seminary buildings lies the burial ground which has received to its bosom already a worthy succession of godly and scholarly men. It is merely a small and plain square of land, untouched by any futile efforts of man's art to adorn it, but beautified alone by encircling hills and woods, by the glories of a noble prospect, and by the consecration of much precious dust. It was our friend's wish that he might finish his work on this hill, and here on its slope might lie when it was done. Here his four little children, who had lived but a few weeks in the home in Malden, were brought to lie at his feet. Hither the students of his class, who had begun already to love him as a friend, and were counting on him as their master, bore his body, and here in such sweet and honorable companionship we laid him down, while his own life, and his last message to us each, seemed to blend in our hearts with the prayer we heard over the grave.

. . . "We bless and praise Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, and especially for those most dear to us, of whom we have good hope that they have fallen asleep in Jesus. And we beseech Thee to give us

grace to follow their good examples, that even here we may be united to them in fellowship of spirit, and that finally we may be gathered together with them into the bosom of Thy love: through Jesus Christ our Lord."

C. L. N.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY:

ITS PRESENT CLAIM AND ATTRACTION,

AND OTHER WRITINGS.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY:

ITS PRESENT CLAIM AND ATTRACTION.[1]

It is quietly assumed in many quarters that the special charm of the Christian ministry is broken; that the distinctive attraction of this field of labor is in large measure irretrievably lost. Robbed of the position and prestige it once held in the intellectual no less than in the moral and spiritual sphere, the ministry, it is said, can no longer urge the claims or present the opportunities of other days, — not merely of the ages past, but even of forty or fifty years ago. In the changes that have passed over modern life, older rivals have gained a precedence before denied, and new rivals have arisen to dispute the prize. To these changes, it is added, the ministry must resign itself, with such grace as it may, begin to take a lower room, and, as a consequence, be content with the service of inferior men. In a word, though the ministry will doubtless long survive, — for our generation has learned that nothing dies at once, — it will survive in a state of mild decadence, a lingering autumn which delays but cannot turn aside the killing

[1] An Inaugural Address delivered at Andover Theological Seminary, 20 September, 1893.

frost; while the higher, spiritual uses it once served will be gradually taken up and absorbed by other callings, which in turn will draw away the energies of active, earnest, and thoughtful minds.

All this, it is true, is seldom put in words: it is assumed, far oftener than asserted. Hence, to many of my hearers, so plain and blunt a statement as this may seem improbable and overdrawn. And, in the close and sheltered circles in which some minds still move, even the suggestion here clothed in words may sound unnatural, almost blasphemous, indeed. Yet it needs but little acquaintance with the world of to-day, whether we touch in person its busy, widening life, or catch its manifold reflection as mirrored in literature, to discover how common this quiet assumption has grown to be. It meets us in the novel, the romance, the lighter essay. It colors the graver discussion of scientific, ethical, and social problems. It gives a tone, a hue, an air, to magazines and reviews; the daily prints are tinctured with it. It lurks below the language of men of science, of business, of society, of the world: it affects their bearing toward the minister with easy tolerance or light disdain: it shades and shapes their advice to young men who pause before they choose their calling.

Sometimes, however, this assumption comes to

the surface, and finds direct expression, — is laid down, indeed, as a maxim beyond dispute. Ten years ago, an English scholar, himself a preacher, published an essay on "The Decay of Modern Preaching,"[1] in which the fact of such decay was plainly accepted, remedies were hardly suggested, and the causes alone were considered a subject for discussion. Within the last few weeks, however, the assertion has been made in still clearer terms by a newspaper of exceptional intelligence and independence. With an air of easy omniscience tempered by condescension, the editor writes as follows: "This socialistic preaching is to be deplored, because it weakens the already relaxed hold of the clergy upon educated men. The church, of course, no longer attracts the ablest of our college graduates as of old, but it is quite possible for men of moderate intellectual gifts to influence their hearers, if they will follow the methods and precepts of their Leader." And again, in the same article: "The proportion of educated men who refuse altogether to listen to sermons is considerable, and the average attendance of such men at church seems to be diminishing. Many still attend the established services from motives of decorum: but if their pastors could look through the grave and respectful expressions that mask their

[1] J. H. Mahaffy, *The Decay of Modern Preaching.* 1882.

thoughts, and see the emotions of pity for intellectual feebleness and contempt for ignorance which are held in restraint, they might learn that their only strength lies in the possession and the proclamation of humility and charity."[1] Humility and charity are an edifying lesson indeed, and a lesson it is always timely to learn, whether the example of the teacher confirms his precept or not. But the chief burden of this *concio ad clerum* is precisely this assumption before us. Within the narrowed province which bounds its present influence, the writer more than hints, the ministry can no longer claim the service of minds of the first order, but must expect to see them drawn into wider and more promising fields, thus leaving at best only second-rate men to become the preachers and pastors of to-morrow.

Now, minds of the first order are not common in any age or in any calling in life, and it is by "men of moderate intellectual gifts" that the world's work is mainly done. I have no desire, however, to discuss the *personnel* of the different professions, and comparisons are proverbially odious. Still less have I any fear with regard to the permanent place and work of the Christian ministry, established as it is on the same divine

[1] *The Nation*, May 25, 1893. Editorial on "Christian Socialism."

foundations with the Christian church, and with Christianity itself. But it seems to me not unfitting, on the threshold of the new work to which I have been called, and in contrast to the quiet assumption already noticed, to dwell upon the distinctive claims and attractions of the ministry today. New emphasis certainly should be laid, not indeed upon what remains of earlier interest and influence after all deductions have been made, but rather upon the special claim and charm which grow out of the present, which have accrued to preacher and pastor alike from the very changes through which we have passed. For when once the needs, the demands, and the difficulties of our age are fairly understood, the Christian ministry, I am convinced, offers a richer opportunity and makes a stronger appeal than ever before to the largest and best disciplined intelligence, no less than to the heart that seeks the highest service of mankind.

With the duties of the pastorate fresh in memory, and more familiar than the duties of this chair, I shall speak now as a preacher, not as a teacher. But those who are preparing to become ministers of the Word, beside the special knowledge and training amply provided here, need also the inspiration that comes from a broad view of their great charge, if the man of God is to be com-

plete, furnished completely unto every good work. And if the duties and demands of their calling enlarge upon the view, let them remember that the charm of the vision widens with the horizon, and the promise and presence of the Master are broad and near to cover every need.

What, then, is the distinctive attraction, the peculiar charm, of the ministry to-day? What features does this calling now present which make up for any apparent advantages it has lost, and by which, even more than in other days, it appeals to the highest powers, as it calls forth and rewards the largest effort and devotion? And how are this claim and charm related to the charm and claim of other departments of thought and interest? These questions will mark the direction to which our attention must now be turned.

If there is one outstanding peculiarity in the intellectual effort of to-day, one feature upon which the finger may safely be put as distinctive, it is this: an intense feeling for movement, progress, growth, life. It is this which within one crowded century has revolutionized the sciences of the past and called new sciences into being. This is the new spirit of which men speak. It is this profound sense of the subtle, unbroken relations that bind all forms of life together, individual and social, past, present, and future, which has made

men impatient of all partial, narrow, isolated interpretations of facts and phenomena, and distrustful of all theories that claim completeness, where ignorance is veiled under specious assumptions of omniscience. Method, no less than matter, has been transformed by this spirit. The ambitious systems of the past, with the dogmatism of believer and skeptic alike, of Rousseau and Voltaire no less than of Aquinas and Calvin, have given place to more modest hypotheses, held below the fact, not above it, with conscious and confessed limitations of ignorance and partial view, ready to be revised or superseded whenever some larger truth or some plainer fact shall come to light. This sense, this method, and this spirit we find at work everywhere. Although most apparent at first among the interpreters of life in nature and life in man, even the sciences of inert matter and mechanical movement have shared their influence. Under this impulse, indeed, matter is no longer inert, and movement no more mechanical. Astronomy, geology, and physics have felt the change. "Within the last quarter of a century," writes Camille Flammarion, "our sublime science has been wholly transformed. Instead of watching inert masses in motion through the void of space, the study of the universe as related to the physical constitution of the different worlds, the evolution

of the stars and of life, has taken its place."[1] Forces once supposed to be latent or lost, geology discovers still at work, and allows no break to separate the present from the past. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the new conception of organic life from its humblest origin to its highest reach. Evolution is the keynote to all our thought; and, however the word may be limited or defined, three great truths are firmly established: first, a close, continuous, mutual relation exists between all forms and parts of the visible universe; second, no unpeopled void is found between worm and man, between star and soul; and, third, as a consequence, no object can be too remote, and no form of life too lowly, to claim our interest. The years of patient observation which Darwin gave to the earth-worm and Sir John Lubbock to the ant teach us that no creature that has shared the Creator's thought and touch is unworthy of our prolonged and reverent study. The higher the forms and the more varied the phases life affords, the more intense our human interest becomes. Man is not forgotten in this all-embracing passion and research. His individual life and thought, from the lowest savage to the sage and saint, have been traced with unwearied pains. His societies, his civilizations, have been patiently studied in their

[1] *North American Review*, January, 1890.

crudest as well as their highest forms, in rock and monument and in surviving fault and strata, at cost of sacrifice worthy of the martyrs of the faith. The inscriptions of Assyria, dumb for long centuries, speak again to the ear and through the lips of a Rawlinson, and the mummied monarchs of Egypt leave their sepulchred pomp and silence to become the familiars, almost the household friends, of a Mariette. Thus history is clothed with life, and the prehistoric past is made to breathe and move once more. The same great change transforms the world in which we live. The peoples of the present, remote and hostile before, begin by closer contact and better mutual understanding to realize their kinship. The curse of Babel is reversed, and the miracle of Pentecost renewed, when long isolated languages are brought together and recognized as hardly more than dialects of a common speech. Literature, refusing the narrow bounds of the classic, becomes cosmopolite, and welcomes all genuine treasure, whatever be its source. A hundred myths and legends melt in one, and under the most grotesque exterior we feel through all religions the need, the aspiration, and the soul of man.

How much the material progress of our age, its marvelous inventions, its multiplied facilities, must count as factors in this result, we cannot fail to

own. But it is the intellectual movement with which we have to deal, and through all of this the sense of life with its progress and continuity is evident and distinctive.

It is not claimed, of course, that this sense of life has been born out of nothing, or absolutely created, in a single age. This spirit has always been present in the world, disputing its place with a coarser, mechanical conception. Within narrow limits, and in separate realms of thought, it has made the glory of every creative age, as in letters at the Renaissance, or in religion at the Reformation. But in all these ages, barriers were interposed, the spirit at work in one sphere did not extend to another, inert matter and lifeless mechanism maintained their ground. To-day, for the first time, the feeling is for life everywhere, for life with its unbroken continuity and progress, for life infinitely varied and manifold, yet forever one. It is one universal, living force, which, we have discovered in a truer sense than the poet dreamed,

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."[1]

What, then, is the relation of the Christian

[1] Alexander Pope, *Essay on Man.*

ministry to this mighty and far-reaching change? How far has it been caught up and borne on by this current of new life? Has it felt a stronger impulse, found a larger mission, brought a new message for to-day? On the answer to these questions our whole discussion turns. No isolation of interest and influence is possible. If the ministry enters into this universal movement, if it is sensitive to this far-reaching change, it will share in the results, and find in these a fresh attraction for thoughtful minds. If the ministry stands unchanged, while all else moves onward, its former charm may well be broken, for it has lost the prophetic spirit. Like the prophets of old, the preacher must speak from life, through life, and unto life, if his message is to be heard and heeded.

Considered in its ideal, no calling touches human life at so many points as the Christian ministry. None, therefore, should feel the change on which we have dwelt so widely, none should profit more by its results. And none should find the present time a more inspiring field for service. The spirit of the age both quickens the preacher's pulse and appeals to him for his message. To bear witness to the presence of an unseen life, above, below, around our finite lives, has always been his office, to make men feel that life has been his triumph; when this witness has grown cold,

formal, and mechanical, his state has suffered decadence and eclipse. To-day, like St. Paul on Mars' Hill, he finds his teaching attuned to the deepest thought of his age. Our poetry, in accents now pensive, now profound, cries through the lips of Egypt's king: —

"If thou be He that made the earth and skies,
To thine own creature come without disguise.
Long have I blindly groped around thy throne,
But the sense sees not what the heart has known.
I strain for thee, I gaze with eager nerves,
But my glance backward to my eyeballs curves;
To meet thine arms my arms I fling abroad;
My arms fold on me, vacant of the God.
Upon the dark I paint thy secret face,
But night holds nothing in her hollow space.
Dost thou not see my tears, not hear my cry?
I cannot see nor hear, yet know thee nigh.
I feel thee in the dust-wreaths of the plain,
And in the rare, quick drops of sacred rain:
I seek thee round the corners of the rocks,
Or on the riverain pasture of the flocks;
And thou art there, but art not there for me: —
Take all the world, all else I yield to thee:
But I must see the God before I die."[1]

Our philosophy still worships an Unknown God, but dares to think over his thoughts, and even divine his attributes of intelligence and power. Our science begins to look through phenomena and

[1] Francis Turner Palgrave, *Amenophis.*

ask for mind, and utters these significant words, first spoken two years ago within these very walls by a master of unquestioned authority: "In the study of the successions exhibited by animals and plants, it has been perceived that the march of events from the primitive simplicity towards greater and greater complication, culminating in man, requires us to assume the existence of something like permanent guiding influences operating in the world of matter."[1]

In France, always sensitive as a barometer to anticipate changes in the atmosphere of thought, the need of "permanent guiding influences" in the moral universe is also felt, and the direction toward which men must look to find them is plainly hinted. Saul also is found among the prophets, when Renan foresees the possible return of the world, wearied with the successive bankruptcies of liberalism, to the Jehovah of the Hebrews. And Darmesteter, a savant of the younger school, finds in the teaching of the prophets the only hope for his own generation, borrowing the prophecy of Amos, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord,"[2] and

[1] N. S. Shaler, *The Interpretation of Nature*, p. 46.

[2] Amos viii. 11–13.

pointing to his own land for its fulfillment: "And to-day also the fair virgins and young men look in vain from one sea to the other; from no rock bursts the spring which shall quench the thirst of the soul; the divine word is not in Ibsen, and it is not in Tolstoi even, and neither from the North nor from the East cometh the light."[1] These three voices, of poet, man of science, and critic, are not isolated and unique; typical are they rather, and representative; they speak the temper of the time; they breathe the feeling of multitudes of men and women all around us, unfamiliar with discovery or research, yet touched and troubled by this atmosphere of unrest, with no firm hold on the certainties of the unseen, but conscious that the things which can be seen and weighed and measured can never feed the hunger of the heart. In such an age, the need for ministry has surely not been outgrown: was it ever greater than now? "From my earliest childhood," a physician once said to me, "I can never remember a time when the sight of physical pain did not

[1] J. Darmesteter, *Les Prophètes d'Israel*, iv. "Et aujourd'hui aussi les belles filles et les jeunes gens regardent en vain d'une mer à l'autre; de nul rocher ne jaillit la source où étancher la soif de l'âme: la parole divine n'est point dans Ibsen et elle n'est point dans Tolstoï même, et ni du Nord ni du Levant ne vient la lumière."

call out in me the instant impulse and effort to relieve it." No diploma from the schools could have conferred on him a better title to practice medicine; no emolument of fame or money could equal the charm he found in his profession. In the presence of spiritual suffering, the minister of Christ must feel a kindred impulse: with this impulse in his heart, he may hear his Master's call in the half unconscious need and longing of his fellow-men, and, never more truly than to-day, may enter through the service and relief of his brethren into the very joy of his Lord. "My idea of heaven," said Tennyson, "is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this and other worlds."[1] And the saintly hero of whom Whittier sings, served troubled souls around him, and found in that service the highest blessing: —

> "He forgot his own soul for others,
> Himself to his neighbor lending:
> He found his Lord in his suffering brothers,
> And not in the clouds descending."[2]

But impulse alone, however unselfish, is not enough for service. Effort must be trained and directed, to become effective; sympathy must be broadened and made intelligent, before it can give relief.

[1] Quoted from conversation, by Agnes Grace Weld, in the *Contemporary Review*, March, 1893.

[2] John G. Whittier, *G. L. S.*

The preacher must know the truth he brings and the times he serves. The pastor must study closely society around him, as well as the individual hearts to whom he is called to minister. The changes of our age have been felt in all these directions: in them all, the new conditions and the new spirit must be recognized and understood. The problems to be met are more varied and complex than those of old. But the higher life rises in its level, the more complex it grows of necessity, and the more varied it becomes, the greater the charm of study and service. The play of changeful circumstance across a background calm and unchanging delights the eye and the mind. It is the charm of the mountain in its eternal patience, touched to new meanings by moving masses of shadow; of the sea, forever tranquil below the restless tossing of the waves; of the sky in its pure untroubled depths of blue, far above the passing clouds of gold and amber. It is the charm of the highest poetry from Æschylus to Shakespeare, of the unshaken mind of Prometheus in contrast with the turbid wrath of Zeus and the trembling terror of his creatures; of the calm constancy of Cordelia and the white purity of Desdemona amid the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion all around them. Realized in its deeper meaning, it has been the strength of prophets and martyrs

and apostles, who, through the things that could be seen and shaken, held fast to the things unseen and unchanging. And through all the changes of to-day, the charm and strength alike are his who, while others cling to broken spars of scattered truths, rests firmly on that Providence which shapes and guides the course of men and ages by ways unsearchable but sure, —

> "That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves." [2]

With this spirit and confidence, we turn to study more closely the effects produced by the changed conceptions and conditions of to-day in the several directions already indicated: first, in the meaning and interpretation of the minister's message; second, upon the society to which he speaks; and third, in the individual lives entrusted to his special care. In each direction, if his task has become more difficult and complex, the attraction is also doubled, while the sense of life with its continuity and its progress, ever varied yet forever one, has grown larger, deeper, and more absorbing.

I. The source of his message claims our first

[2] Alfred Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, last stanza.

attention. The preacher is always the minister of the Word, and the Scriptures remain the channel of the divine message. But there is a wide difference between the ways in which men have regarded and used the Scriptures. The humble soul indeed has always found here the hidden manna. The great preachers, preachers who have moved men's hearts as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind, have never failed to draw their fire and energy from this source. These results have been possible under interpretations, crude and literal on the one hand, wild and visionary on the other. They prove the power of the Spirit through all the hindrance of the flesh. Patristic allegory, mediæval myth and legend, the mystic's glowing imagination, the hard prosaic system of the literalist, — not one, nor all, of these could always dim the heavenly light. But while we recognize the Providence that overruled human folly, we find therein no sanction for these false and forced interpretations of the Word.

The great, creative ages in the Church rose to larger views of the Scriptures, and caught glimpses of the richly varied wisdom they reveal. But the mechanism of dogma, or the fanciful search for symbols, soon closed in and hindered the influence of the freer conception. To-day the revolution throughout all realms of thought has transformed

the study of the Bible also. Mechanical conceptions, the absurdities of symbolism, have gone, to return no more. The new method affects even those who least accept the critical result. That method of thinking you cannot escape, if you think at all. And the distinctive feature of this new conception of Scripture is the same which was pointed out before, the sense of life, in all its wonderful variety and movement, throughout the whole. Luther discovered that Paul's words were living things, with hands and feet. We have found that every Scripture, —

> "If cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity." [1]

The special questions of criticism it does not fall within my province to discuss. They must be left to competent hands. They do not belong to the preacher's sphere. They demand a combination of time, talents, and patient training which he cannot give. Hasty verdicts in this department by men of good intentions, but deficient in modesty and judgment, are as unfortunate as verdicts of kindred character and origin upon strictly scientific questions. A common training in theology, and a reader's familiarity with the languages in which the Bible was written, enable the preacher to fol-

[1] Mrs. Browning, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship.*

low the general trend of criticism with intelligence and advantage, but no more entitle him to pronounce upon difficult and disputed points than the physician's license and practice make him a competent judge in the special questions of biology. But the preacher's great message will not grow less clear, strong, and imperative as he faces new interpretations of the Scriptures. And if he follows carefully the advance of enlightened and reverent scholarship, he will welcome the largest, freest investigation, waiting with patience the slow results of years, very confident that the treasure is not less heavenly because the vessels are earthen, and that here also the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word.

But there are special ways in which this changed conception of the Scriptures and their organic life must widen and vitalize the preacher's use of the Word, and enlarge the interest and power of his ministry. Of these effects, some are negative, some positive.

A higher regard for the original meaning and relation of each separate Scripture is a first evident advantage to the preacher. The fantastic treatment of the Bible by the pulpit of other days, sometimes, alas! in our own, is familiar to all. Like the Master's raiment in the hands of the Roman soldiery, the sacred vesture of Scripture

has been rent asunder and the division made by lot. If these irreverent extremes have been rare, how often passages have been used with little care for their first sense and connection! Texts, torn from the woven fabric, have been held up in shreds and patches: words, robbed of their rightful meaning, forced to yield strange, unnatural senses, by trick of translation or outward resemblance. I need hardly allude to further distortion by which the plainest passages were turned to mysticism or metaphysics. All this is possible, while Scripture is regarded as mechanism or dead anatomy. All this becomes impossible, when Scripture is felt to be informed with full, pervading, breathing life.

The preacher who feels this life informing all the Scriptures will shrink from the plain irreverence of all careless vivisection. His texts will not be isolated, nor their natural meaning strained. Neither indolence nor timidity will tempt him to take up current mistranslations or renderings misapplied. His Bible will never become an armory of weapons for controversy, nor a quarry whence stones may be cut to buttress mediæval or modern theories. He will not overlook the broad sweep of Revelation, on the one hand; he will not force one doubtful passage on the other, — not even to save the consistency of the whole. Open and

sensitive to changing light, his errors may be outgrown, and his truths will never become stereotyped in lifeless formulas.

Each several Scripture will thus have an individual teaching, and, as a second advantage, the preacher's message will gain in variety, in point, in force. The dullness of mere repetition is a besetting temptation of the pulpit. When the Bible is only a book of texts, all equally available at every turn, the narrowness of the preacher's mind and experience becomes the measure and limit of his teaching. The same meagre round of truth and duty, viewed in the same familiar light, cast in the same monotonous forms, will make up his weekly burden. Each mind is only a pool, stagnant and unwholesome, unless its life is constantly renewed by currents from without. How changed, then, the preacher's message becomes, when at every point he touches the varied life of Scripture! Each scene, each character, each utterance, has a meaning of its own, the common truths take individual color and force, and the whole range of his teaching is widened. It was his faithful study of rock and brook, with the humblest wild flower on the edge of each, that lent varied grace to Sir Walter Scott's descriptions. He who follows Nature closely makes her lavish wealth in some measure his own. And he who

draws from each Scripture its individual lesson will never become the slave of dullness and repetition.

Beyond the enrichment of each several interpretation, the new sense of life and power flowing through all Revelation counts as a blessing to the preacher. Inspiration itself he cannot conceive as confined within an artificial reservoir, motionless through all time, unchanged in form, in depth, in level; he views it as a river, rather, with widening, deepening course from source to sea; he feels its presence as a divine life, mingling with the currents of human life, revealed through individual and national history, with ever growing depth and clearness. With such a vision, dogmatic losses, if losses they be, are transmuted into higher gain. The power of Revelation the preacher finds not static but dynamic, not mechanical but vital. It comes from life, it flows through life; the life of a chosen race under the old dispensation, the life of a widening church under the new; the individual life of prophet and apostle under both. And in the blending of divine and human at every stage, neither element is lost or lessened: both become broader and deeper with each further unfolding, until the heart turns to the Spirit through all Scripture as the most devout of our poets turns to the Word Incarnate: —

"Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God." [1]

Both the larger life of race and church and the individual life of prophet and apostle have become more human, more real, and thus are brought into closer relation to other life, to our own lives. The sacred story, no longer isolated, but subject like other history to change and growth, becomes more truly a lesson for the world. Around the name of the great Lawgiver, the Law of Israel grows by successive layers and accretions, like the codes of Rome or England. Beneath the shadow of Solomon, the proverbs which a nation's wisdom has coined through generations from many dies are gathered in one golden treasury. Through the Psalter, set first in tune to David's harp, but richer and more varied in tone than any individual life, the Jewish Church pours forth her strains of changing experience through ages of sorrow, exile, exultation, sweeps the wide gamut of religious feeling, and blends in her eternal song the sigh of each burdened heart with the aspiration of the whole church of God.

The revelation through individual life, also, has become richer and more distinct. Each prophet

[1] John G. Whittier, *Our Master*.

stands in his own place and bears his own message: he is not a mouthpiece but a voice, not a pen but a person, a preacher of righteousness first to his age, and then to later ages. Even if his name is lost, we feel his heart and life: the second Isaiah is not less real a presence than the first. And from the broken sobs of Hosea and the scathing philippic of Amos to the richer personality of Jeremiah, sensitive, tender, passionate, each prophet's power is doubled when we feel the man below the message. Restored to their local setting, the Epistles of the New Testament are filled with life again: the needs of the readers become as real as the writer's heart. Through the Gospels even, unconscious touches betray the Evangelist, his personal feeling and his point of view.

The Scriptures plainly grow more human under this changed conception; but, further, they become thereby not less but more divine. As the human life in prophet and apostle, in race and church, grows more real to the preacher's thought, and comes closer to his heart and life to-day, so the divine life through all is felt as richer and more real. Revelation through life is, of necessity, larger than Revelation through mechanism; and the higher and more varied the life through which it flows, the deeper and richer Revelation itself becomes. At every stage of the sacred story the

Spirit, we feel, breathes upon the Word; while in the movement, progress, life, making the whole organic, we find a larger revelation of divine, creative thought. Whatever similarities are discovered between the earlier Scriptures and the records of other races, there can be no question of a higher purpose, a purer motive, moulding the common material. No prophetic message fails to disclose some clearer insight than before was given; no psalm but mingles inspiration with aspiration. And from the first faint dawn of the Protevangelium to the broad noonday of the Gospel, from the earliest strivings of the Spirit with man to the perfect man in Christ, is discerned, now dimly, now more clearly, that "one far-off divine event, to which" Revelation like "the whole creation moves."

Above all else, however, the distinct and absolute supremacy of the Master, in his Person and in his claim, is the largest gain the preacher finds in the changed conception of the Scriptures. Always recognized in theory of course, this supremacy has been sadly forgotten in fact. The Roman Church has put the Person of Peter in his Master's place: Protestanism has too often put the teaching of Paul before, if not above, his Master's word. Peter's language to Cornelius, "Stand up; I myself also am a man," and Paul's indignant disclaimer at

Lystra, "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you," may teach us how both apostles would have refused this borrowed worship. But a higher voice has spoken: "One is your Master: and all ye," — Paul and Peter among the rest, — "all ye are brethren." From these temptations of the past, the preacher of to-day is free. He cannot longer bring the New Testament down to the level of the Old; he cannot make Christ the Interpreter of Paul. The very limitation and finiteness of the human servant set off the higher glory of the divine, the only begotten Son. Reflected through different hearts and lives, the Person of the Master shines forth the more transcendent: contrasted with all broken lights before Him and after Him, with the divers portions and divers manners of prophetic revelation, πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως, or with the partial vision to which even Paul confessed, ἄρτι γινώσκω ἐκ μέρους, His teaching regains its rightful place and its unique authority. His supreme Revelation becomes the crown and centre of the preacher's message. "Back to Christ" is the watchword for all interpretation of the past: "Onward to Christ," the call of the Spirit for to-day. With this result secure, the changing cloud of criticism that overshadows us may be dark or bright, we need not fear to enter it; other voices may grow silent, other

forms may fade, one Form will still remain, — One Voice will still speak from the cloud: "This is my beloved Son; hear him."

Such, then, is the source of the preacher's message to-day. Such is the living Word he is sent to interpret to his age. The largest, profoundest learning he can command, he may well call to his aid. From other literatures and histories and faiths he may draw whatever lessons they can teach. He may welcome all new light of scholarship, discovery, research. But with a Scripture so varied and vital in every part, informed and knit together by one organic growing life, in the highest sense both human and divine, a hundred broken rays of one Eternal Light, he need not fear that his study will lose its interest, or his source of inspiration be exhausted.

II. A second broad direction in which the minister is affected by the changed conditions of to-day is in the sphere and local setting of his work. The community, society, the church, each of these three concentric circles that surround his life, shares the stir and restless movement of the age. Throughout our country, in New England as in the West, in village as in city, the changes the age has wrought, and the contrast with thirty years ago, are many and striking. These changes the preacher must take into account if he would adapt

his message to present needs; these new conditions will absorb the pastor's closest study and task his best intelligence.

An English country parson of to-day, less quaint in flavor but more virile than his earlier namesake, speaking for his brethren, counts the "absolute finality" of their position its most cheerless and trying feature. "Dante's famous line," he writes, "ought to be carved upon the lintel of every country parsonage in England. When the new rector on his induction takes the key of the church, locks himself in, and tolls the bell, it is his own passing bell that he is ringing." And again: "This boasted fixity of tenure is the weak point, not the strong one; it is movement we want among us, not stagnation."[1] This fixity, this finality might have been found in many a New England parish fifty years ago; how strange and remote these conditions seem to us to-day! The frequent changes in modern pastorates are due in part no doubt to the unhappy restlessness of people and pastor; in part, also, it must be admitted, they grow out of the larger and more varied demands now made upon the minister, exhausting his strength and necessitating relief through change of field. A pastorate of ten years brings more

[1] Augustus Jessopp, *The Trials of a Country Parson*, pp. 85, 94.

of varied experience to the pastor now than a pastorate of twenty years once brought. And even the nearest parishes differ so widely from one another to-day that every change involves the awakening of new interests and the careful study of new conditions and problems.

While the pastorate remains the same, moreover, the parish undergoes a constant, all-pervading change. Ten years mean more in the parish now than twenty years meant half a century ago. The whole complexion, the very atmosphere, of our social life a single generation has changed. In cities and large towns the difference is recognized at once: it is real, though less perceptible, in villages also. The sleepiest hamlet, stagnant and duller to the stranger's eye

> "than the fat weed
> That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf," [2]

has not escaped untouched; the patient observer finds, the pastor feels, even there the pathos and the tragedy of hidden change.

Twenty-five years ago, the typical New England village was homogeneous in character and simple in life. Hardly a foreigner could be found among a population born and bred in the same community, for the most part in the same houses. Diversities there were, for our New England stock

[2] Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 5.

has always been rich in original varieties, but the common types of character, the broad currents of habit, thought, and life remained unchanged almost for generations. Neighbors in place were neighbors in fact, and the life of the village was like the life of a large and overgrown family. The church was easily the centre of social interest, and the Sunday meeting drew families together from scattered farms, the sole relief to the monotony and unvarying routine of daily life. How different the New England village of to-day! The homogeneous life, broken up within, has grown heterogeneous from without, almost cosmopolite indeed. The great tides of immigration, setting in for years from every part of Europe, and later from Asia also, have turned aside from the broad course of the West, overflowed the bounds of the city, and reached the larger villages; while the less noticed influx from the provinces on our Northern border has been felt in smaller hamlets and scattered farms. In outward aspect, in population, affected in her turn and measure like the other States, New England remains no more the staid, conservative, unchanging community of thirty years ago.

Under this outward aspect, deeper and more vital differences are found. Industrial changes, added to the change of population, have modified

our social customs, individual habits, ways of thought. The framework of society is subtly altered. Interests are isolated, men have grown apart: a common feeling is lost, mutual indifference succeeds, classes are strongly marked and separated. The simpler conditions of the past have gone; relations grow strained, new social problems arise, ethical questions become multiplied and complex. Differences in thought and life, growing out of differences of inheritance, birth, training, and association, are not lightly overcome. Men misunderstand one another, and a common standard is lost.

Nor can these difficulties be studied in their local setting alone. The little world of the village opens by a hundred avenues into the larger world without. Intercourse is unbroken; the daily paper carries the common thought, opinion, prejudice, to the farthest point, diffuses common intelligence and common ignorance, and makes all problems, all troubles, however local or distant in their beginnings, a burden to be borne by all. The tide of change reaches the remotest village with restless ebb and flow, and the mighty pulses of the great world's life are felt to-day in the lowliest hamlet.

Under such conditions, what new significance is given to Wesley's motto, in whichever way the words are turned! "My parish is the world,"

every pastor may say, as he reflects on all the diverse elements that meet in the smallest community, and remembers from what distant quarters these elements have been drawn! "The world is my parish," he may add, when he finds his people's thoughts and feelings affected by events so far away, and feels their lives drawn slowly but surely into the current of the great world's movement! Is stagnation necessary in such a pastorate? Is it even possible?

But the pastor must be more than a passive observer, a curious and interested witness, in the midst of these shifting scenes; he must be an actor on the stage. Nor is it enough, if his individual part is taken well; he is called to give motive and harmony to the movement of others. Here is incentive to largest effort: here is room for the exercise of patience, the discipline of thought, sagacious and far-sighted. Has any age made more demands than this?

The church cannot remain untouched by these changes all around her; she must hear and heed the call of each new occasion. If her members grow lethargic, it is the pastor's task to awaken them, and set more clearly before their eyes the duties of to-day. In each community, along all lines of modern movement, in society, business, politics, the highest Christian principle, as already

understood, needs to be made effective and paramount by the influence of an aroused, united church. Religious problems, also, more complex than in other days, demand for their solution larger intelligence and charity, sympathy and patience. The diverse elements in every church, all ages and all classes, must be not simply harmonized, but lifted into some broader union, knit together as members of one body by diverse yet mutual service. Organization, so potent a factor in all our work to-day, must be extended here and informed with life, until the church has brought her special blessing near the whole community and home to every heart. Above all, the old, original gospel, a common Father, a common Master, a common brotherhood, a common life, pure, sweet, and strong, as in the earliest Christian age, freed from all subtleties of metaphysics, whether Greek or Roman, whether mediæval or modern, made plain to meet each daily need, most human because most divine, must come with growing clearness from the preacher's lips, and through the life of preacher and of people too, until all men understand and feel its power. How large, how difficult, this task must prove, how slowly its results will come, no pastor need be told. But he who in the hardest field holds this ideal steadfastly before his own eyes and before his church, finds

interest and courage as the years go on; and he who believes the gospel still divine will never doubt the large fulfillment yet to come. Meanwhile, the very discipline of every day develops mind and heart, enlarges his experience, deepens his love for all humanity around him, and gives his ministry an ever varied and absorbing claim and charm.

III. A third and last direction in which the minister feels the changed conditions of to-day is in the cure of souls. I like this good old phrase which has too largely passed out of use. It lays the emphasis on the pastor's special work; it makes distinct and imperative the individual relation in which he stands to every member of his church and parish, the claim of every heart on his peculiar care.

This close and individual relation to every soul has always been ideal, rather than actual, indeed; an object to be held in view, not an end at any time attained. And the possibilities of fulfilling this charge to-day would seem at first far less than in other days. To the ordinary observer, indeed, there is no respect in which the function of the ministry and the life of the parish have changed more evidently and more completely than this. We have read in religious histories and memoirs, and our mothers and fathers have told

us, how the minister of other days made his stated round of the parish, gathering each family together in turn, the parents with their children, and questioning each person in regard to his spiritual welfare and his knowledge of the Bible and the catechism. This custom has wholly passed away, and cannot be revived under present conditions; and this, it is said, was clearly faithful pastoral work, a true cure of souls, in place of which no regular and systematic method has been devised, and for which the desultory and often injudicious teaching of the modern Sunday-school is at best a very imperfect substitute. Of the value of this custom in its time and place, and as wisely used, I have no doubt: of the decline in religious knowledge among our people, whatever the cause may be, I fear there can be no question; and of the insufficiency of the Sunday-school at its best to take the place of definite personal teaching I am also profoundly convinced. But, for all this, the custom here described was never in a strict sense the cure of souls, whatever opportunity it may have opened for further acquaintance with individual hearts; it belonged to the preacher, to the teacher at least, not distinctively to the pastor. Catechizing, however useful and excellent, must not be confounded with the cure of souls. And the pastor never has fulfilled his charge until his

own soul meets the soul he would help, alone, undistracted, with all the freedom and confidence of personal intimacy. This highest form of ministry was needed and was exercised in other days: it cannot be outgrown; the need, and the opportunity, were never greater, I believe, than now.

The very absence of that religious training common in the past makes this need of personal ministry the greater. Fifty years ago, every man of average intelligence in a New England parish had his memory stored with accepted truths: they were held in the head, it may be, not in the heart; the formulas in which they were cast were narrow and rigid; grave errors grew around the truths, crude superstitions mingled with the teaching in the hearer's mind; but the truths were there, unquestioned, lodged firmly in the thought, a safeguard against temptation, an anchor in trouble. To-day, no such reserve force remains to the man of average intelligence. The old superstitions are gone, but the truths, once solid, seem to him shaken too. He has not thought beyond them, or away from them; he has only been caught up and carried along, unthinking, by the current around him. He has lost the partial, outward support of traditional, inherited, almost unconscious beliefs; he has not found the inward surety of personal faith; he feels himself unanchored, on the open sea,

adrift. What he needs is the strength of a brave, calm, Christian friendship, of a faith incarnate in another's life, intelligent, broad, and open of mind; fearless, also, because sure of itself, and far more sure of the Master; able thus in His Name to reach out the hand of ready helpfulness, revealing life through life. Through such faith and friendship, the pastor must fulfill his charge in common life to-day.

Others there are in every parish, fewer in number than the class just mentioned, for whom this personal ministry is yet more needful. These are the young and thoughtful minds, interested in all living movements of our age, sensitive to the modern spirit, questioning all forms, all facts, all faiths, to find a higher truth. Bound by no traditions of the past, unfettered by present convention, they seem to timid minds irreverent. Among older and religious people, both deference and discretion may keep them silent; but the silence only hides the widening distance between their thoughts and the beaten paths behind them. These spirits also need a friend to win their slow and jealous confidence, call out their full confession, enter into their every doubt; a friend of riper years, taught from his own experience, trained in the Master's school to understanding, sympathy, and patience: skillful to lead, not force, their steps from the few

things they still find true to the higher truth not found as yet; able to reveal that higher truth through life before the laggard thought has learned the way. This task of faith and friendship, this personal ministry, may fall indeed to any brave, strong, tender Christian soul; it needs the inward grace alone, no laying on of hands imparts the heavenly gift; but the pastor must surely count this service a sacred, most important part of his mission.

These spirits, and not the men of easier faith and lighter thought, must shape and mould the movement of the church that is to be; out of their difficulties, their doubts, once overcome, their usefulness and strength will grow; their own experience will discipline them to broader, better service. The pastor who wins them builds not for the present only, but for the future; he serves another generation beside his own; he reaches through these consecrated lives a wider circle than his eyes can measure, or his faith can foresee.

How delicate, how difficult, under these conditions the pastor's task has grown! What fine rare gifts of nature and of grace this personal ministry demands! What heavenly wisdom must blend with human tenderness in him who is called to discharge this service! Like the Great Angel of the Gate, in Dante's Vision, the pastor of to-day must

bear two keys, one of gold and one of silver. The golden key is the symbol of his true authority within the church, received from Christ himself. The silver key, which always he first puts in use, betokens that wisdom of spiritual adaptation, taught through experience and lowly patience, by which he learns to discern and deal with each heart aright: —

> "Più cara è l' una; ma l' altra vuol troppa
> D' arte e d' ingegno, avanti che disserri,
> Perch' ell' è quella che il nodo disgroppa." [1]

"There was no Iron," says a quaint old English writer, — "There was no Iron in any of the Stuff or Utensils of the Sanctuary. Hard and Inflexible Spirits are not fit for the Service of the Church." [2] The Hard Church, a modern essayist styles men of this type and temper; and their unfitness for the delicate task before us, his own words well point out. "The Hard Church," he writes, "necessarily relies on what may be called the inorganic laws of human thought and action, and ignores the more delicate laws of growth and change discoverable in social and individual character." [3] How fatal this omission! Here lies the

[1] Dante, *Purgatorio*, vol. ix. lines 124–126.

[2] John Edwards, *The Preacher*, vol. i. p. 169.

[3] R. H. Hutton, *Theological Essays*, p. 340.

key to the whole difficulty; and here, by contrast, we learn what type and temper the pastor's task to-day demands. "The inorganic laws of human thought and action," — how narrow their sphere has grown! "In social and individual character," how much more clearly "the delicate laws of growth and change" are now discerned! With life, not mechanism, the pastor deals to-day; and life, subtle and elusive everywhere, above all in the human spirit, cannot be rudely grasped; it yields alone to the finer touch of love. By understanding, sympathy, and patience, this delicate charge must be fulfilled; and as these graces of the spirit grow, the pastor's life will bring to others, and to himself, the larger blessing.

In the duties of the pastorate, then, as in the broader field of public service and in the interpretation of the Scriptures to his age, the minister of Jesus Christ is called to-day to a mission of unmeasured possibilities and growing power. In this direction, also, as in those already followed, the claim of the ministry is as clear, its work as large, and its attraction as strong as in other days.

Thus, in a manner of necessity discursive, but not desultory, as I hope, I have followed the broad lines along which my subject seemed to lead. With all the widening changes in thought and life to-day, changes affecting our conditions and

our conceptions also, the place and claim of the Christian ministry, we find, remain. And if any of its glories, as the world may count them, have passed away, they were only outward: the glory which abides is alone inward and excelleth. *Non ministrari, sed ministrare*, was the Master's motto; in ministry, in personal service, not in any honors of place or power, preacher and pastor find their true distinction. Such service the world still needs, needs more indeed for the very changes of the present: a ministry, deep, earnest, spiritual, that speaks from life, — through life, — to life. And with a Scripture to interpret, no longer a dead letter but a living Word, in a society so rich in varied life and movement, to hearts on every hand that yearn for light and help, no more absorbing charge can claim the consecrated soul than such a ministry.

The limitations of my theme have made my view but partial. The great, eternal features of the preacher's and the pastor's work have been lightly touched: the interests which are not changed have not come within my purpose. My task has been to seize distinctive features created or emphasized at least by the changed conditions of to-day. The highest feature I have reserved until the last. I count this an inestimable blessing to preacher and pastor alike: that never more truly than now,

under no conditions more fully than under ours, has the minister been called to personal following of his Master, both in the method of his work and in the source and spring of his power. The only authority that carries moral and spiritual weight to-day is the authority of character. And the character of Jesus Christ the world makes its only standard for judging the motives and conduct of his disciples. However impatient it may be with creed and dogma and ritual, it recognizes under all differences of name and communion kinship in deed and character with Him; and for such kinship it shows profoundest reverence. To be like Him must always be the minister's ideal; but lower standards and confusing tests of men how often divert the mind from the higher purpose! How helpful it should prove, when the world's own expectation seeks that supreme and single level! Again, the methods of the Master's ministry, so personal, so delicate, so carefully adapted to individual need, were never more in keeping with the pastor's work than now. And as he studies in each detail the Master's tenderness and searching insight, or strives and prays to catch the gracious spirit that informs the living gospel as a whole, his inward life must grow in likeness to his Lord with each new measure that he gains of the threefold gift of ministry, — understanding, sympathy, and patience.

For thirteen years it has been my privilege to share the work of preacher and of pastor. That work I leave with sincere reluctance, and only at the call of what seems a nearer, but I dare not say a higher, duty. Through all these years, the present opportunity and the great ideal of this calling have grown upon me, until I feel that every preacher, like St. Paul, should glorify his ministry; δοξάζω is the Apostle's word. But when I remember how far achievement lags behind ideal, how even this imperfect picture I have drawn puts the reality to shame, I am moved to borrow from St. Gregory, the earliest and still the keenest analyst of the pastor's charge, his closing words: —

"Dum monstrare qualis esse debeat pastor invigilo, pulchrum depinxi hominem pictor fœdus: aliosque ad perfectionis littus dirigo, qui adhuc in delictorum fluctibus versor." [1]

It has been the honor of this seat of sacred learning, it has been the honor of this special chair into which I am now inducted, that it has steadfastly upheld a high ideal of the Christian ministry. My three more immediate predecessors had each a distinct and important part in this great work. One sketched in broad and masterly outline the ideal of a strong and intellectual preacher.

[1] S. Gregorii Magni, *Regulæ Pastoralis Liber, sub fine.*

Another filled in the picture with almost infinite fineness of detail. The third inspired the preacher's heart with visions of wider fields of service and of conquest. To keep these fair ideals fresh and living still, as in the dear and memorable days gone by, and to help my younger brethren to realize and seize the growing opportunities, the urgent claims, the distinctive attractions, of the ministry to-day, is the task to which, with the blessing of God, I would now devote my life.

LECTURES ON HOMILETICS.

I.

Introduction. — Explanation of Terms. — Primitive and Fundamental Elements in Preaching.

HOMILETICS, it must be premised at the beginning of our discussion, is at once a science and an art: it covers both the theory and the practice of preaching. "A science," says Whewell, himself a passed master in both departments, "a science teaches us to know; an art, to do." The distinction is well drawn and concisely stated; it has an evident value in giving definiteness and precision to our use of terms: but doing, we must not forget, can never be really divorced from knowing, and in the higher arts and sciences, especially, the relations between theory and practice are most subtle and vital. The distinction of Whewell, therefore, must be supplemented by the earlier dictum of Dr. Campbell: "All art is founded in science, and the science is of little value which does not serve as a foundation to some beneficial art." In the study now before us, at least, both statements must be held clearly in mind, and the

inferences which follow from each should be carried to their just conclusion.

Preaching, then, is an art. And art, by its very name, implies adaptation: it implies training, also, discipline, acquired skill, superadded to any and to all native gifts. We need not long delay over the old objection, so often brought forward and refuted, which, from the peculiar sacredness of his calling, declared the preacher free from all rules, from all human art. This objection has passed away, together with the kindred idea of genius as something above all law, a law unto itself alone. Genius, we have learned, is not emancipation from law, unfettered lawlessness and caprice: it is, rather, the finer, higher, more perfect fulfillment of law, drawn from insight instead of reasoning, and wrought out in a freer, often an unconscious spirit. Inspiration, also, in the preacher as in the Word he is sent to interpret, is no irregular, spasmodic, uncertain impulse; it respects the nature which it informs; it works, not above nor apart from, but through the laws of human intelligence. Art, on the other hand, true art, is not lifeless mechanism, a contradiction of nature; rather, it is the parallel, or better, the continuation of nature, working through kindred and organic laws toward a kindred end. There is no irreverence, therefore, in the bold hyperbole of Sir

Thomas Browne, Nature is the art of God. And Montaigne but expresses the same thought in subtler, more impersonal form, when he writes: "Il faut que la nature s'artialise." The sacredness of the ministry, then, suffers no detraction when we speak of preaching as an art, and insist upon the need of discipline and intelligent practice in him who would discharge aright this sacred function.

Beside the art of preaching, there is a science of preaching, also. The word, science, sounds at first unnatural and incongruous in this connection, but there is no other word to express the idea. Theory is sometimes used, the Theory of Preaching; but the term is too subjective: it lacks the outward solidity, the firmness, of established fact. Science is our only term to cover a broad, complete, systematic setting forth of the body of laws, and of principles below those laws, on which all art must rest. If all art, to borrow the language of Dr. Campbell again, is founded in science, then the larger, the more difficult and complex a given art may be, the deeper must these foundations be laid.[1] The reign of empiricism is always narrow as

[1] In practical art, says Whewell, principles are unseen guides, leading us by invisible strings through paths where the end alone is looked at. It is for science to direct and purge our vision, so that these airy ties, these principles and laws, generalizations and theories, become distinct objects of vision. — Quoted by Kidder, *Homiletics*.

well as short-lived. The preacher whose art rests on no broader basis than his own practice and personal experience will find although knowledge comes, that wisdom, which is far more important and useful, lingers still. The broader, on the other hand, the preacher's survey of his chosen science, and the closer his study both of the masters of his special calling and of the principles upon which all preaching rests, the more effective and permanent his own work will become. There is generally little originality in error. The larger part of our own mistakes have been made many times before us: we might have avoided them had our intelligence been greater; and knowledge bought by experience costs too dear, if it comes too late to be used. If we would put the ripened wisdom of others, then, in place of that tardy knowledge we ourselves might gain, if we would anticipate thus the slow results of experience, we must add science to art, or, better, we must build our art on the broad, deep foundations of science.

There is, then, an art of preaching; there is a science of preaching also; and the relations which bind them together are close and vital. You cannot separate them without serious loss to both. This is true in a measure of any study of homiletics, however theoretical that study may be, even although it be taken up merely as an object of

curious interest, with no intent to carry the principles discovered into practice. In nature and essence, indeed, neither the art nor the science can be understood apart from the other. But it is true in still larger measure of the study as we now approach it, with a practical purpose, and within definite limits of time. Throughout the discussion on which we enter, then, at every step we must keep the art and the science side by side; we must remember the twofold truth, as art has its beginning in science, so science has its end in art. Each theory must be tested by practice; all practice must be measured and judged under the broader, clearer light of theory. Both science and art, both theory and practice, however, have their chief interest and value for us in their distinct relation to the actual work of the preacher, as they deepen and enlarge the power and permanent effectiveness with which he fulfils his sacred charge.

At this point, in a line with the considerations already offered, certain familiar terms must be noted and explained. The list is not long; it is not meant to be exhaustive; such words alone are chosen as throw some light by their derivation and usage upon our study as a whole, and thus develop still further the general idea of preaching in its nature and essence. Where this purpose is served, minuteness of detail may well be par-

doned. "Homiletics" and "homily," "sermon" and "preaching," call for special attention and definition.

Homiletics, like certain names of other and more familiar sciences, like ethics, mathematics, physics, for instance, though plural in form, is treated to-day as a noun in the singular. Usage even now, however, is not entirely uniform, and before the present century it inclined in the other direction, all these words being made plural in syntax as well as form. The form itself has been explained as, in part, an imitation of Greek usage in words from which these terms were taken, τὰ ἠθικά, τὰ φυσικά, and, in part, as due to the range and complexity of the subjects covered by the sciences in question. But neither explanation can be counted complete or satisfactory: both are found wanting in the particular case before us. If the range of subject covered be considered, there is no reason why rhetoric, the genus, should be in the singular, and homiletics, generally considered as a species, in the plural. And if Greek usage were to determine, homiletics, like mathematics, should be singular in form. For the later Greek of Plutarch, at least, recognized homiletic as the art of conversation.

Homiletics and homily, to pass from the form to the meaning, belong to a group of words, the

origin and relations of which it is not a piece of pedantry, but a useful study to trace. The meaning of this group in the New Testament, and in the early church, must be noticed. Ὅμιλος, the original of the little group, has not been transferred to other and modern tongues: it occurs but once in the New Testament, and there is omitted by the best texts (Rev. xviii. 17), to describe the crowd that throng the ships and witness the overthrow of Babylon: a mingled multitude, united by common fear and wonderment. Ὁμιλία, the original form of "homily," occurs but once also in the New Testament, but in an unquestioned passage (1 Cor. xv. 33), in the verse borrowed by St. Paul from the Thais of Menander, and restored by the Revisers to its rightful meaning. "Evil company," not communications, "doth corrupt good manners," φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρησθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί. The verb, ὁμιλεῖν, is found four times in the New Testament. Twice it is used of the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, "they communed with each other, . . . while they communed together" (Luke xxiv. 14, 15); once of St. Paul at Troas, "and talked a long while" (Acts xx. 11); and once of Felix, who, after the pointed preaching of the apostle, "sent for him the oftener, and communed with him" (Acts xxiv. 26).

These few instances show us how this group of

words passed from their first use, of a casual crowd gathered by a slight and momentary interest in common, through a regular and formal fellowship, to the familiar converse, the friendly talk, that made the delight of such association. In classic Greek, these words had been used of the communion and intercourse, and especially of the enlightening conversation of philosophers with their pupils. Xenophon applies them to Socrates in the Memorabilia, I. ii. 6, 15. This further meaning of instruction, some would find in the διελήσας of St. Paul at Troas. His conversation there is supposed to have taken the form of exposition, like the דְּרָשָׁה, which formed part of the regular service in the synagogue, and which might be delivered by priest, or elder, or any other competent person. Traces of this custom can be seen both in the Acts and in the Gospels. The address of the Master in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16–21) was such a דְּרָשָׁה; such also was the word of exhortation which the rulers of the synagogue asked of St. Paul and Barnabas at Antioch in Pisidia (Acts xiii. 15). From the synagogue the custom was carried over to the church, and the name of homily was early given to such a discourse, in which, as Justin Martyr tells us (Apol. c. 67), the minister admonishes the people, stirring them up to an imitation of the good works

which have been brought before their notice. At a later date, a more formal address was introduced under the name of λόγος, but the simpler exposition still held its place and was known as a homily. Through the Latin Church, under the influence of the Old French form, the word passed into our language, together with its cognate and derivative terms. Less common to-day than in older usage, the homily preserves with us its special sense, and is applied to a simple, homely, often informal exposition of scriptural teaching. Of such a character were the Books of Homilies set forth in the reigns of Edward VI. and of Queen Elizabeth, which were so long and so widely used in the English Church.

A gathered multitude; a united and permanent fellowship; a common thought and language growing out of great interests held in common; an element of instruction, or, in broader and more spiritual terms, of edification; — these are the successive ideas which the history of this group of words suggests. The suggestion goes far beyond the narrow limits of the homily as now defined: it marks the shape and color of the early conception of all preaching; it reaches in its effects the whole science and art of homiletics. We pause, then, to gather from this special study a further idea of the character of Christian preaching at the begin-

ning, and to find therein certain fundamental elements which remain through all changes to mould and direct our general conception of discourse in the pulpit.

1. Christian preaching begins in the Christian society: it has its roots in the Christian Church. The ὁμιλία proceeds from the ὅμιλος. The college of the apostles was the centre of the apostolic ministry. The multitude of the disciples in the upper room were the united and permanent fellowship that antedated St. Peter's first sermon, and from which the first preaching of the Word went forth. And, however far the early missionaries may have gone from the church at home, they never forgot the bonds that united them with her fellowship, nor suffered the strength and meaning of their spiritual relation to her to be lost. They were still, in St. Paul's significant phrase, apostles of Christ, and apostles of the churches also, and the glory of Christ, ἀπόστολοι ἐκκλησιῶν, δόξα Χριστοῦ.[1]

This truth in the early conception of preaching is not, and cannot be outgrown; but, in churches of freer form especially, it is far too often overlooked. Where the emphasis is laid, as with our churches, on no formal, outward union, but upon unity of spirit within, there is the greater need that the united, continuous, divine life through the

[1] 2 Cor. viii. 23.

individual church should be deeply realized by her members. For the sake of others, then, and for his own sake, on the very threshold of his ministry every preacher should feel his close relation *as a preacher* to the organic life of the church he serves. To feel and share this life before his work begins will help him toward a true ideal of his calling: to make his people also realize this common life with growing power is essential to the fulfilment of his own great charge. As a preacher, he must speak both to the church and from the church unto the world. In each direction, his words will gather force and impulse from the united life he feels behind his utterance. In both appeals he should speak, not as an individual alone, but as the voice of a living community, an eternal fellowship. Beside him, as the elders stood by Ezra on his pulpit of wood, on the right hand and the left, in spirit if not in form, stands the church he represents, with which his life is united: through his lips, wherever he carries the message of the Gospel, both the Spirit and the Bride say, Come! And when he is called to teach a deeper, larger truth within the church, through this living fellowship he gains a clearer insight, a broader sympathy, a more persuasive accent. The experience of the church, when this common life is touched, answers to his appeal and rises to better

understanding and service. No brilliant play of individual, but isolated, genius, no personal, unshared experience even, however profound, can equal in deep and permanent effect that preaching which strikes its roots in Christian fellowship, which speaks from the church to the church, and through the church to men. From the ὅμιλος comes the ὁμιλία still.

2. Christian preaching moves in the circle of Christian truths. As preaching began within the church, so it drew its theme from the common source of Christian life. It dwelt with largest emphasis, with strongest insistence, on the common truths on which the church was built. Its spirit was exposition from the first: it sought to sound more deeply, and bring forth more clearly, the divine, revealed, indwelling Word. Even the later, more formal address, no less than the simpler homily, dwelt upon these central, distinctive, Christian truths; all else was incidental to the development of these.

This feature of the primitive conception, also, is fundamental and abiding. Christian preaching has not exhausted, it cannot exhaust, the power and meaning of the Gospel: it still moves, therefore, within the circle of Christian truths. *Non nova, sed nove*, has ever been its motto. It seeks to make the old, familiar truth felt with new force

rather than to discover some new message. It finds the Word that came of old, when interpreted by the living Spirit, made new to meet the changing needs of each generation, and proved thereby both living and divine. The streams of life, which always are flowing forth, reveal the living source from which they are derived.

All this implies no narrowing of the preacher's sympathies or of his research. It puts no check upon the freedom of his movement, or the breadth and keenness of his interest in any realm of human thought. It involves, indeed, a close and constant study of whatever gives him a better understanding of his age, and of the Scriptures in their largest, deepest meaning. It leaves his mind both open and sensitive to every change in growth and light, and his heart both hospitable and sympathetic toward every form of genuine faith and aspiration among men. But it implies, on the other hand, his clear, profound conviction that the Gospel of Jesus Christ alone contains enough of truth and power, of light and heat, to redeem mankind, and create a new, divine type of character. Such a conviction his study of the world with all its forms and faiths may well confirm, as it makes plain the universal need, while his personal knowledge of the unfailing power of the Gospel in its present effects within him and around him will

give his message positiveness, and point, and fervor.

The great, distinctive Christian truths made the strength of the earliest preachers; they make the strength of all vital preaching to-day. Not the truths which the Gospel shares with earlier faiths, not the interpretations which metaphysics puts upon the plainest teaching, not the lesser, although distinctive, Christian truths. The circle of great truths, rather, Christ's revelation of the Father and the Spirit, of man in the divine purpose, the present failure and the largest possibility, of men in their relation to one another and to Him, — these are the dynamics of the preacher, here is his lever with which to move the world. In this circle his preaching will turn.

3. Christian preaching takes its rise in conversation; it is set in the conversational key. When ὁμιλία gained the special sense of speech, it carried still the old associations, drawn from a broader, but friendly, familiar intercourse. The warmth of Christian fellowship was felt through the earliest preaching, and inspired the name first applied to such discourse. And when the statelier sermon and the larger gathering of disciples seemed remote from these humble beginnings, the greatest of early preachers retained the glow, the homely nearness, of the primitive form. Of Chrysostom's

addresses, a later writer says: "They are called speeches [or sermons, λόγοι], but they are more like homilies, for this reason, above others, that he again and again addresses his hearers as actually present before his eyes."[1] The language, whether compliment or censure, is striking.

It may be questioned whether oratory of any kind is rightly set in any other key; whether at least our present age admits a different style from this. The speeches of John Bright and of Wendell Phillips, and our generation has seen no orators who take precedence of these two, have proved that the conversational style leaves room for the highest flights of eloquence, while it preserves throughout the strength, the sanity, the absolute reality of common speech. But whatever may be said of other forms of public speaking, in preaching, at least, this quality is indispensable. The poet, as Wordsworth has taught us, no less than the man of science, must compose with his eye upon the object, if his verse is to share the reality, the inevitableness, of nature. And the preacher must think, and speak, and write, if write he must, with his eye upon his hearers, or, better, St. Paul would say, with his hearers always in his heart; otherwise he may produce a faultless essay, but he will miss the true effect of preaching. In the

[1] Photius, quoted by Hatch, *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 110.

process of writing sermons, especially, this maxim needs to be remembered. The absent hearers must be pictured, felt, addressed, as present, actually present before the eyes, as the early critic said of Chrysostom. This power of realizing the presence of others in the solitude of thought, and, hence, of speaking or writing as if conscious of the listening ear and the interested, responsive eye; this power varies widely in the measure of native endowment. You feel it in a marked degree in the best of letter writers, like William Cowper. But the poorest native gift may be cultivated almost beyond belief, and, like other kinds of imagination, this should be developed and trained for the preacher's special purpose. Such training comes more readily, of course, when the preacher has a congregation of his own, and when the faces he sees from week to week before him become familiar by social intercourse and expressive by reason of personal acquaintance. But even from the irregular and scattered opportunities which the student finds, he may by patient effort call up and construct a congregation to people his study, and give life and reality to his solitary thought. And from the very beginning of his ministry, the preacher should not forget that his art began in friendly, Christian conversation, and that the point, directness, and personal interest of the early preachers are needed still to clothe his words with power.

4. Christian preaching from the beginning sought to instruct and edify the hearer. The ὁμιλία of Socrates was meant to teach and to enlighten his pupils. The exposition of the synagogue unfolded and made more clear the truth of Scripture. And from the first great sermon of St. Peter in the Acts, to reach the conscience through the mind and the heart has been the aim of Christian preaching. While the Christian Church and fellowship gave motive and occasion for the preacher's words, while the common truth below their united life made the basis of his witness, while the tone in which he spoke was familiar and conversational, there was always a higher point from which the preacher addressed his hearers, and toward which he strove to lift their thoughts and their lives. Not a sermon in the Acts, not an Epistle in the New Testament, forgets this twofold purpose, or fails to find therein a basis for direct appeal.

This twofold purpose, to instruct and to edify, the preacher needs to bear in mind to-day. In every sermon, whatever its special aim and end may be, both elements should find their place. Whether the church or the world be directly addressed, respect for the hearers demands them both. Without them, all fervor of appeal is like the crackling of thorns, a moment's blaze, but no

lasting heat. A just appeal, and no other has an abiding force, must bear examination at the bar of the hearer's mind, after the sound of the preacher's voice has ceased. The earnest, honest effort to instruct and edify, to make some truth more plain and real, will alone endure that test.

But the preacher, it may be said, cannot always speak from a higher point than his hearers have gained. Their acquaintance both with the world and with the Word of God may be wider than his; their experience may be larger and deeper. The objection is specious, but not valid. Whatever the preacher's limitation in years and personal experience, his training and preparation have given him a certain advantage over his hearers: that advantage should be increased by every opportunity for leisure and special study, for meditation and prayer, and by constant practice in public teaching and exposition.

For the mind, to borrow Lowell's favorite illustration, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to that in which it works. Let no man despise thy youth, writes St. Paul to his younger brother in the ministry, and that his teaching and conduct might command the just respect of men, he adds these counsels: "Be diligent in these things," ταῦτα μελέτα; "give thyself wholly to them," ἐν τούτοις ἴσθι;

"that thy progress may be manifest unto all," ἵνα σοῦ ἡ προκοπὴ φανερὰ ᾖ πᾶσιν.[1]

These four primitive and fundamental elements in preaching have been suggested by the history and usage of the Greek words, homily and homiletics. Two Latin terms now claim attention, "sermon" and "preaching." From these also, when compared with their Greek equivalents, we may gather other features in the primitive conception of the preacher's mission and purpose.

Sermon, in the English and the French forms alike, is an abbreviated accusative of the Latin *sermo*. *Sermo* is of uncertain origin, although generally derived more or less directly from *sero*, to join, or bind together. The Roman derivation Varro gives in these words: *Sermo est a serie: sermo enim non potest in uno homine solo, sed ubi oratio cum altero conjuncta.* Others would connect the word rather with *serta* or *conserta oratio*, laying the emphasis, not on the succession of speakers, but upon the succession of ideas interwoven in the same speech. I mention these details, because, although the word was first used of conversation, even in Roman usage, and still more under Christian interpretation, *sermo* carried the idea of consecutiveness, and hence of plan and formal discourse. It was the Latin equivalent of

[1] 1 Timothy iv. 15.

the Greek λόγος, which we have seen was used in contrast to ὁμιλία, and which emphasized the idea of reason, the logic of speech. The sermon is thus, as Dr. Hatch suggests, the creation of rhetoric, of Greek rhetoric: it implies synthesis as well as analysis: it points to the time in which Christian preaching had taken a studied form, and had become already in the highest sense a science and an art.

"Preaching" and "preach" have come to us from the Latin through the medium of early French, the nearer Saxon derivative predician being thus supplanted. Prædicare, the Latin original, means to cry out, to make public, to proclaim before men. It suggests the herald's function, and is of kindred meaning with the Greek κηρύσσω.[1] The latter is the most common word to describe the preacher's work in the New Testament. Of the other Greek words used of the same great office, διαλέγομαι suggests a reasoning or discussion, while the common καταγγέλλω, the rare διαγγέλλω, εὐαγγελίζω emphasize the relation of the messenger to the sender, the latter revealing also the joyous character of the message he bears. Through all these terms, the Greek and the Latin, the command of the Master to the first disciples finds an echo, "What I tell you in the darkness, speak ye in the light: and what

[1] St. Matthew x. 27.

ye hear in the ear, proclaim upon the housetops," κηρύξατε ἐπὶ τῶν δωμάτων.[1]

From these words, then, from sermon and preaching, we follow the primitive conception in further detail, and remark again —

5. Christian preaching was early and naturally developed into the systematic and logical discourse. The simple story of the Master's life, told as we find it in the Gospels, did not suffice even for the age of the Apostles. Further development of the fundamental truth was asked, the meaning of the Master's words and mission, his living relation to the earlier Revelation and to the disciples who should follow after Him. To meet such questioning and such needs the great Epistles were written, the Ephesians and Colossians with their lofty vision and majestic sweep, the Romans and the Hebrews with their marshalling of prophetic evidence and array of argument. And what the great Epistles did for their readers the preacher must have done, in his measure, for the same class of hearers also. Nor is this all. These very Epistles were designed in the first instance to be read in the gatherings of

[1] *Preaching.* κῆρυξ, was he that called the People together on Publick Business, in the Cities of Greece, and made Proclamations in the Markets and all Publick Places, with a loud voice. Saxons called Bishops God's *Bedels.* Edwards, *Preacher,* I. 182.

the brethren, — they were written, that is, with the eye upon the hearers, not the readers. With such a purpose in view, the writers, who were also preachers of the Word, neither would nor could have adopted a distinctively written style: their choice and their natural instinct alike would lead them to keep closely to the manner of their public address, to write as they spoke. Such a conclusion, I think, borne out by the evidence of the writings before us. The Epistle to the Hebrews, especially, is oratory, and oratory of the highest type: it speaks to the ear, not to the eye: it gains full force only when it is delivered, like the Oration on the Crown. Read aloud its varied and vigorous Greek, and you may catch even now through bold figure and striking imagery the sweep and movement of sound as well as thought, and feel the power and freedom of the practised speaker. The Epistles of St. Paul, also, less stately and sustained, are spoken words. With his eye upon his hearers, the rude Galatian, the subtle Greek, the Roman schooled to thoughts of power and law, he utters his message, abrupt and broken, it may be, or in firm set logic of his own, or in breathless flight rising through circle after circle of lofty thought. In the other Epistles of the New Testament no less, we may find echoes of the apostolic preaching. In each Epistle, an individual element, the speech of

the writer, like St. Peter's Galilean accent, bewrays him. St. John, with the few words so often repeated, clear, simple, yet profound, intense with love that burns as well as brightens; St. James, concise in utterance, weighty in meaning, strong, severe, now rhythmic and sonorous, now like the lightning swift and sudden, a master who unites the pregnant, pointed brevity of Demosthenes with the δεινότης of the Hebrew prophets; St. Peter, distinctively the preacher among the Apostles, quick, sensitive, and sympathetic, coining his words to make an image striking in effect, a speaker by native temperament and gift; — we may see and hear them all, while we study these few but precious pages, as they spoke among their brethren, or to the wider circles of Jews and of Greeks around the little Church. Nor can the preacher find a better manual than these gathered writings afford, to broaden his idea of the power and possibilities of public speech.

The Epistles, then, disclose to us the methods to which the writers were accustomed in their preaching and public address. But, further, they teach us, and the lesson is hardly less interesting or less important, what the capacity and understanding of their hearers must have been. These Epistles were written, of course, with the expectation that they would be understood as well as heard; not by

every hearer, perhaps; not by any one hearer, it may be, thoroughly, at once, and in all parts; but in the general tenor of their teaching, and by the gathered disciples as a whole. What trained intelligence, such an understanding must have presupposed! what ability both to follow lines of close-knit argument, and to grasp at once great truths, however profound or sublime! Imagine the Ephesians or the Colossians as just written, and read for the first time in any Christian congregation in New England to-day: how many hearers would gather their meaning, or feel their impulse? how many would grow restless, and wander in mind? how few would ask that the same words be read again in their hearing, that they might add to the truth already discerned the truth that still lay beyond their understanding?

It is not, it is true, the mind alone that must have been trained for such intelligent hearing; it is the heart that needed most and first especial culture; and the interest once awakened, intelligence is rapidly and by that very fact developed. The early Christians came chiefly from the humbler walks of life; few of them, if any, had shared the training of schools and philosophies. But the faith they now embraced was itself an educative force, a discipline of thought as well as of feeling. It grew out of the older Scriptures, and for its justification

those Scriptures must be searched and compared; it was built upon a revealed, creative Word, and that Word must be examined and understood. The believer was exhorted to be ready always to give answer to every man that asked him a reason concerning the hope that was in him. All this would stimulate and quicken thought, and make the newly awakened spirit eager to seek and ready to take the teaching of apostles and preachers. The intellectual movement among the people, despised by rabbis and philosophers alike, must be taken into account if we would appreciate the spiritual movement. The training and discipline of disciples were not forgotten in the effort to win converts; the kingdom was not extended widely alone, it was built upon deep foundations of intelligent understanding.

We do not need, then, to go beyond the first century, to find the beginnings of systematic and logical discourse in the Christian communities. The development of the third and fourth centuries, the glorious outburst of eloquence which is linked with the names of Chrysostom and of the clover-leaf of Cappadocia, Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, and Gregory Nazianzen, was the result of Greek rhetoric fused by Christian fervor. But the first century marks the beginning of the highest type of preaching; the Alexandrine Apollos, ἀνὴρ λόγιος,[1]

[1] Acts xviii. 24.

is linked with its first tradition, and the great Epistles are living witnesses to its early development. The sermon of to-day is not more unlike the primitive homily than the great Epistles, the Romans and the Hebrews, are unlike the simple story of the Gospels on the one hand, and the preaching of the prophets on the other. The sermon, then, whatever its abuses may have been, is the natural and just outgrowth of a faith which builds upon the Word; it is not a proof of decadence, but of normal and necessary development.

6. The Christian preacher was from the beginning, and is still, the personal messenger of Jesus Christ; his message was then, and still is, a Gospel of joy and hope. I have put these two thoughts together, because they cannot rightly be separated; the second follows the first, the first explains the second. Out of his relation to his Master the preacher's authority must come; out of the nature of his message the joy and hope of his work must spring. Only as he holds both features firmly in mind and heart, can he find power and grace to win men and hold them in the service of his Master. "We are ambassadors on behalf of Christ," writes St. Paul, and no apostle felt more deeply either the dignity or the devotion demanded by his task, Ὑπὲρ Χριστοῦ οὖν πρεσβεύομεν; mark the loftiness of his tone, "as though God were entreating by us,"

ὡς τοῦ θεοῦ παρακαλοῦντος δι' ἡμῶν; "we beseech you on behalf of Christ," δεόμεθα ὑπὲρ Χριστοῦ,[1] how tender the words! "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you," runs the charter of the Twelve. And as Christ sent before His face the seventy disciples into every place whither He Himself would come, so now He sends each messenger, each minister, in His place and on His own divine errand. No higher authority than this can be asked; no lower authority would be sufficient for the preacher's special work.

The pulpit is not a platform; the preacher is not a lecturer then. The truth he brings must approve itself to reason, but it does not begin with reason. He speaks for another, who speaks through him. He presses on to apprehend that for which he was apprehended by Christ Jesus, εἰ καὶ καταλάβω ἐφ' ᾧ καὶ κατελήφθην ὑπὸ Χριστοῦ Ἰησοῦ.[2] His whole personality is taken into the possession of a higher, a divine Person, and sent forth thence with a clear, divine message. The conviction of such a possession and message is his power.

The preacher's task, then, is prophetic; he is linked in no merely fanciful way with the prophets who went before him. His circumstances differ widely from theirs, but his spirit has a kindred quality, for he too is sent to speak for God to men.

[1] 2 Cor. v. 20. [2] Philip. iii. 12.

The rough garment and leathern girdle are the accidents of the prophet's calling, not its essentials. And among the prophets what diversity in incident and circumstance! If the remoter figures seem very far away, the nearer prophets have points of contact and kinship. If even Elijah was a man of like passions with us, of like nature, that is, ὁμοιοπαθὴς ἡμῖν, Jeremiah is a man of like perplexities with us also. And it is significant that the life most fully drawn of all in the Old Testament is precisely his who comes nearest to ourselves, both in the common daylight of his outward career, unmixed with miracle, with no strange supernatural glamour, and also in the varied trials and sensitive temper of the life within. For Jeremiah shared with us, —

> "those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a Creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized;"[1]

and yet Jeremiah too was a prophet, and a prince of prophets. And to his age, as to ours, Jeremiah could speak with more strength and effectiveness than Elijah. To-day also the Word of the Lord comes home with nearest helpfulness, not through the positiveness of universal because unthinking

[1] Wordsworth, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality.*

dogmatism, untouched by life around us, but through hearts, sensitive to the doubt and question of our age, that yet have found a divine Presence and leading clear and sufficient for their own and hence for others' needs. Such a heart alone has the authority Epictetus felt in the Stoic sage: "He used to talk in such a way that each individual one of us who sat there thought some one had been telling Rufus about him; he so put his finger upon what we had done, he so set the individual faults of each one of us clearly before our eyes." [1] Such a heart, above all, commands confidence by the higher Power that speaks through his own lips and experience, as through Tennyson's teacher and friend:

> "He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them: thus he came at length
>
> "To find a stronger faith his own:
> And Power was with him in the night,
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone,
>
> "But in the darkness and the cloud." [2]

On the other hand, the preacher's message is always one of joy and hope. It was such from the beginning; it is such to-day. No book reveals the

[1] Epictetus, p. 269. [2] *In Memoriam*, xcvi.

dark and serious side of human life with the absolute clearness, the faithful, undisguised reality, of the New Testament; the opening chapters of the Romans are lurid with pictures of sin, and guilt, and misery; the fifth and eighth chapters of St. John's Gospel probe the human conscience to its depths. Yet no book is so filled with courage and hope as the New Testament. The Master, through all disheartening circumstance, has His own eyes, and those of His disciples, fixed on Satan fallen as lightning from heaven; he sees, and teaches them to see, in every phase of sin and suffering a call to work the works of God; the very cross is exultation unto Him. In the sombre chapters of the Romans even, St. Paul burns with desire to carry his Gospel to Rome, assured that there also it will prove the power of God unto salvation. And the necessity, ἀνάγκη, laid upon him in the Corinthians,[1] "woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel," draws its force from the gladness of his message; it is like the feeling of the lepers in the deserted camp of the Syrians:[2] "this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; we do not well." The glorious Gospel in his charge he must give to all the world.

No other spirit befits the preacher to-day; and at this point his task is brighter and more blessed

[1] 1 Cor. ix. 16. [2] 2 Kings vii. 9.

than that of Jeremiah and of his fellow prophets. Their burden was often of judgment alone, of judgment unrelieved by hope; a dark, foreboding cloud hangs above their ministry: it is, as St. Paul said of the Mosaic law, a ministration of death. But the Christian preacher's message is always of life: all else in his preaching is subordinate, incidental, to this; the darkest circumstances he views, and sets, in this relief. What a difference this involves in the whole color and impression of his message may be illustrated from another field of thought. A few years ago, there appeared two novels dealing with kindred subjects, and with a kindred purpose to be served: "The Nether World," by George Gissing, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by Walter Besant. Both moved in the lower strata of London; both were the result of long and faithful observation, and both were pronounced by competent judges trustworthy in detail. But the effect produced upon the reader was most diverse: one left him in despondent mood, by the very hopelessness of the state of things portrayed; the other, although no less sombre in its picture of the present, left the heart still buoyant with the possibilities already disclosed, and inspired with desire to help towards the realization of a better future. The difference lay in the point of view, the dominant,

controlling thought. One dwelt on the darker, discouraging aspects of the present, the present death; the other looked through these, and emphasized the cheer, the hope, the creative power, of life. There are preachers, it must be admitted, with whom the emphasis lies on the darker side, whose thought and teaching, not by incidence but by direction, savor most of death and unto death. Their choice of themes, their treatment of every theme indeed, the hearer feels depressing, disheartening; but such is not the preaching of the Gospel, as the Apostles conceived it, as the Master designed it, as the very word, εὐαγγελίζω, implies. No sermon is really successful, no sermon fulfils the purpose of preaching, if it leaves any hearer either satisfied with himself, or discouraged and hopeless for the future. Each sermon should make every hearer feel: I ought to be better than I am; I may be better than I am; and, by the grace of God, I will be better than I am. Every preacher may well ask himself, before and after each sermon: Will my words produce, have my words produced, to-day this twofold effect, on all, on each, of my hearers? If not, where does my failure lie? Too little truth on the one hand, too little love on the other, will explain the defect. ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ must be his motto.

St. Francis de Sales, we are told, used to make

a long pause before beginning his sermon, moving his eyes slowly over all his congregation. A canon noticed this one day, and asked St. Francis the reason. The great preacher answered: "I salute the guardian angels of all my hearers, and I ask each one of them to prepare for my words the heart he has in charge. I have gained the greatest blessings by this practice." [1] Such prayer and vision might well prove inspiring; but what deeper earnestness and power should clothe his words who feels behind each hearer the loving presence of his Master, and who speaks his message as Christ's ambassador in the very hearing of his Lord! In Florence, there is a fresco by Andrea del Sarto, which represents the Baptist preaching by the Jordan. You see the crowds that sit and stand before him, hanging upon his word, and drinking in his message: you almost feel the truth that falls from his impassioned lips. But the secret of his power lies beyond the hearers' vision. In the far background your eyes and the preacher's also behold a kneeling figure, pleading for preacher and for his hearers also. In the consciousness of that greater Presence the Baptist found his power; in the same consciousness the preacher of to-day must speak, if he would realize the true end of preaching.

[1] St. François de Sales, *Modéle*, 225.

LECTURES ON HOMILETICS.

II.

Relation of Homiletics to Logic, Rhetoric, and Eloquence.

HOMILETICS, we have seen, is both an art and a science. Christian preaching, which forms its subject, has its roots in the Church, the Christian society; moves in the broad circle of distinctive Christian truths; is set in a conversational key; seeks to instruct and to edify; is early developed into systematic and logical discourse. The Christian preacher is the personal messenger of Jesus Christ; his message is therefore in its essence a Gospel of hope and joy.

Now the higher an art is in its nature and its product, the more does its perfection depend upon the skill and training gained from other allied and subordinate arts. The nobler and more complex a science is, the more does its mastery demand a thorough knowledge of other allied or subordinate sciences. Before the painter can work out his own conceptions with the large freedom of genius, before he can achieve distinction in his chosen field,

he must gain both the knowledge of detail and practical skill, the training of eye and of hand, to follow and obey the motions of imagination and of will. And if he turn to landscape, or still life, or the human face and form, how much of minuter knowledge in his special sphere must be added to general truths of color and of tone! Before the astronomer can devote himself undisturbed to his sublime science, what large and varied knowledge he must lay under tribute, and from how many special sources must that knowledge be drawn! Mathematics, chemistry, physics, with their manifold divisions, each in turn, must be mastered before he can measure the movement, determine the substance, weight, and mutual relations, and analyze the spectra of sun and of star.

Both as a science, then, and as an art, how subtle and how complex is the preacher's task, how high in its aim, how broad in its scope! He has the most delicate and difficult of problems to meet, and of products to create. He must work conviction of necessary but often unwelcome truths: he must overcome the twofold resistance of native inertia and sinful habit: he must make the unseen stand out clearer and more powerful than the seen; the eternal outweigh the dominant and absorbing interest of the temporal: he must sway the feelings, convince the reason, quicken the conscience,

and move the will. And all this he must do with all men and with each man. For such a task what large and varied knowledge is needed; how wide and deep an acquaintance with human life, in its outward circumstance, and in its inward motives; what close and faithful study of

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame!"[1]

As an art, then, homiletics is related to other arts; as a science, it is built upon other sciences; and these relations, these broader, deeper bases, must be first considered, if we would understand both the scope and the method of the preacher's work. These special studies, kindred and fundamental, may be arranged in two groups, the formal and the material: those studies, on the one hand, which cover the general laws of human speech, the science of thought, the arts of expression and persuasion; and those studies, on the other hand, which develop the subjects with which the preacher deals, the whole range of theological research, and, especially, the science of Biblical interpretation. The relation of homiletics to each of these groups must now claim our attention; and with the first group, the arts of form and expression, it is natural to begin.

[1] Coleridge, *Love.*

A concise and masterly volume on forensic oratory was published a few months ago by a professor of law in Yale University. It is designed to be a manual for advocates, as the title-page affirms; but the whole of the first part, and the second, third, and fourth books of the second part, are as applicable to the pulpit as to the bar; and the whole volume will amply repay the preacher's closest study. Two sentences from Professor Robinson's preface I quote as bearing upon the point we have now reached. "Seeking for the method in which a legal contest ought to be conducted," he writes, "I was led to compare the mode of operation adopted by advocates who had become noted for the celerity and certainty with which they won their cases, with the method and the rules prescribed by writers on the Art of Forensic Oratory, especially by Cicero and Quintilian, and became satisfied that, whether consciously to themselves or not, these advocates pursued that method and obeyed those rules." And, again, after defining the purpose of his treatise, he adds: "The study of Logic, Rhetoric, and Elocution, on a far more extensive scale than the limits of this volume permit, I must strenuously recommend. Nor is there a work on Advocacy or on any one of its subordinate topics, nor any book of Trials, nor any able novel, in which the operations of skillful advocates

and detectives are described, that he (*i. e.*, the student) may not profitably read as illustrating and applying the rules and methods which this manual inculcates and explains." Not less broad and comprehensive is the survey which the preacher's art demands along the kindred lines of logic and rhetoric, of oratory and literature. Not less varied and manifold are the sources from which he may draw his power to kindle, to convince, and to persuade. And not less certain and rigorous are the rules which, whether consciously to himself or not, the preacher must observe, if he would reach the highest results. We must examine, therefore, the relation of the preacher's art to the different members of this first group of studies.

1. The preacher should be familiar with the broad principles of logic, both deductive and inductive; the latter, indeed, however its claim to a coördinate place with the former may be disputed, is not less important to the thinker and speaker today. The broad principles, I said: for the minute details and mechanism of the art it is of course unnecessary to keep in mind. The multitude of moods and figures in the syllogism, together with the barbarous jargon devised to distinguish valid forms, he may forget with little loss; the list of formal and material fallacies may not remain fresh and by name in his recollection; but the practical

discipline he gathers from the study, and the examination he learns to make of specious and seductive statements will never lose their usefulness. Occasional reference to such books as the Elementary Lessons of Jevons and the recent volume of the late Professor Minto will not be without service, as a gymnastic for the mind, imparting facility and keenness to the powers of discrimination. The latter volume may be commended also for its constant application of the principles of logic to the discovery of current fallacies in popular speech and observation.

The art of logic grew out of dialectic: it was devised and developed by Aristotle to meet the needs and dangers of conversation as a means of instruction and discipline. As homiletics has an origin akin to dialectic, logic has here also a kindred use. The danger in dialectic was that a skilful questioner would take the conversation entirely into his own hands, and carry the other parties wherever he would, misled by their answers of yes and no, into positions inconsistent or untenable. Where all interlocutors are silent, as is the case during discourse from the pulpit, there is the strongest reason for the speaker to examine carefully his statements and arguments. The preacher has no one to answer him, it is often said, hence he falls into habits of loose and inconsequent reason-

ing, such as the lawyer would find impossible, with the insight and trained intelligence of the judge above him, and the keen eye of the opposing counsel to detect and uncover his fallacies. But if he has no opponent to speak in his turn and correct his errors, the preacher's hearers are a jury in perpetual session, each member of which can examine his arguments at leisure, and test and weigh their worth. Such a jury is more to be respected and more to be feared than a jury that sits for the occasion only, decides the case at once, and straightway dismisses the pleader and his cause from mind. Hence, the preacher's interests, no less than his honesty and his honor, demand the patient searching of each hidden premise and conclusion. Warmth of feeling, brilliant imagination, and the glow of speech are a poor excuse for statement and reasoning that compromise the candor or the intelligence of the preacher in the minds of his wiser hearers. The evil such preachers do lives after them; and the distrust they create has unhappily a wider reach than appears upon the surface: they discredit the Gospel they preach, and loosen its hold on thoughtful men. It is a part of a pastor's painful experience to find in his parish men of clear and candid minds who have been repelled from Christian fellowship and thinking by preachers of this character.

These evils, it is true, are seldom the result of deliberate purpose. Ministers are not mountebanks, or sophists, dishonest jugglers with words or thoughts. The difficulty grows out of a habit of speaking without patience and study, through indolence or lack of training or self-deceit. The inner sophist, it has been well said, is our most dangerous enemy. Men generally deceive themselves before they deceive others. But it is the function of logic to set free from inward errors, as well as from misleading voices without; to answer and expose the sophist in our hearts, as well as the false teachers who disguise the wolf beneath the sheep's clothing. The illusions to which we are all subject, preachers as well as other men, are fourfold in nature and origin, as Francis Bacon has taught us. There are illusions of the tribe or the race, which we share with all mankind, which belong to our common humanity; illusions of the cave, which belong to our individual temperament and point of view; illusions of the market-place, which come from conversation and the vulgar prejudice around us; and illusions of the stage, which dazzle our eyes by the splendor of great names and the fair show of authority. From all these four we need to be delivered. And the idols of the cave and the tribe, no less than the idols of the market and the stage, inexorable logic, the

iconoclast, labors to break in pieces and destroy. To clear his own mind of illusion and self-deceit, and to make his teaching commend itself to his hearers as candid, intelligent, and just, the preacher should seek the aid of logic. In the conflict with error and ignorance, homiletics has need of this strong, trustworthy, and mail-clad ally.

2. The preacher should be a master of the principles and of the methods of rhetoric. The origin of this art is highly suggestive. It grew up at Syracuse after the overthrow of Thrasybulus, B. C. 466, and the establishment of popular government in Sicily. Democratic exiles, who had been dispossessed by the tyrants, put forward their earlier claims to lands and other property. In the nature of the case, little direct and documentary evidence could be adduced, argument proceeded chiefly by inference, and a multitude of details had to be set in a natural and effective order. To meet these needs, the new art took its rise, "primarily intended to help the plain citizen who had to speak before a court of law."[1] The founder, Corax, laid down rules for arrangement and divided the speech into four parts: the proem, or introduction; the narrative, or statement; the arguments, ἀγῶνες; the subsidiary remarks, παρέκβασις; and the peroration. He further brought forward and illustrated the

[1] Cf. *Encycl. Brit. Rhet.* R. C. Jebb.

place and use of probability, εἰκός, and pointed out the fallacy of confounding its abstract and particular forms. Persuasion, then, was the purpose of rhetoric from its very beginning; and such is its function still. Through all its diverse methods, this common purpose runs and reigns. To this end all faculties of the mind are addressed in turn.

Rhetoric may be defined, then, as Dr. Campbell defines eloquence, as "that art or talent (τέχνη or δύναμις) by which the discourse is adapted to its end." Quintilian's definition is to the same effect: *Dicere secundum virtutem orationis, scientia bene dicendi.* But the dictum of Francis Bacon, although weighty, is too narrow. "The duty and office of Rhetoric," he writes, "is to apply Reason to Imagination for the better moving of the will;" the relation of rhetoric to the feelings, you notice, is here passed over, — a serious omission. What, then, is the end of discourse, to which rhetoric is directed? The ends of speaking, Dr. Campbell tells us, are four: "every speech being intended to enlighten the understanding, to please the imagination, to move the passions, or to influence the will." But with speech of the more serious kind, with speech as it falls within our province especially, there is but one real end, the last of the four, "to influence the will;" the other three are not

coördinate, but subordinate and subsidiary to this. Cicero combines these three under two heads and makes both lead up to the great end: *Optimus est orator qui dicendo animos audientium et docet et delectat et permovet.*

But the finest distinction between Logic and Rhetoric, and by far the most striking definition of Rhetoric also, is ascribed by Cicero and by Sextus Empiricus to Zeno the Stoic. Logic he likens to the clenched fist; rhetoric to the open hand. Each writer adds the explanation which Zeno gave to his own figure, and I therefore transcribe the language of both. *Zenonis est, inquam, hoc Stoici,* — writes Cicero, — *omnem vim loquendi, ut jam ante Aristoteles, in duas tributam esse partes: Rhetoricam, palmæ; Dialecticam, pugni similem esse dicebat, quod latius loquerentur rhetores, dialectici autum compressius.*[1] The figure was a favorite with Zeno, and he used it also to describe the successive degrees or modes of apprehending truth, *visus assensus, comprehensio, scientia,* being denoted by the compression of the hand in different degrees. *Et hoc quidem Zeno gestu conficiebat. Nam quum extensis digitis adversam manum ostenderat, visum inquiebat hujusmodi est. Deinde quum paullum digitos constrinxerat, assensus hujusmodi. Tum quum plane compresserat pugnumque fecerat, com-*

[1] Cic. *De Fin.* ii. 6, 17.

prehensionem illam esse dicebat. Qua ex similitudine etiam nomen ei rei, quod ante non fuerat, κατάληψιν *imposuit. Quum antem lævam manum admoverat, et illum pugnum arcte vehementerque compresserat, scientiam talem esse dicebat.*[1] The explanation is given by Sextus in flowing Greek: Ζήνων ὁ Κιττεὺς ἐρωτηθεὶς ὅτῳ διαφέρει διαλεκτικὴ ῥητορικῆς, συστρέψας τὴν χεῖρα καὶ πάλιν ἐξαπλώσας ἔφη, τούτῳ, κατὰ μὲν τὴν συστροφὴν τὸ στρόγγυλον καὶ βραχὺ τῆς διαλεκτικῆς τάττων ἰδίωμα, διὰ δὲ τῆς ἐξαπλώσεως καὶ ἐκτάσεως τῶν δακτύλων τὸ πλατὺ τῆς ῥητορικῆς δυνάμεως αἰνιττόμενος. The clenched fist and the open hand! The difference, it will be seen, goes deeper than the style, the language alone: it affects the whole manner of address, and the very spirit of the speaker as he approaches his hearers. The clenched fist means compulsion, and compulsion, whether physical or intellectual, always creates repugnance toward opinions, and antagonism toward persons. Such a speaker, even when he carries conviction, loses the fairest fruit of victory: he leaves resentment rankling in the breast of the vanquished. In Butler's often misquoted lines, —

> "He that complies against his will
> Is of his own opinion still;
> Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
> For reasons to himself best known."

[1] Cic. *Acad. Pr.* ii. 47, 146.

Logic alone, at its best, can only smite down, and overpower; it cannot win. But the open, friendly hand of rhetoric means persuasion: it invites, allures, and welcomes; it makes a smoother, easier path toward conviction, and when conviction is gained adds the interest of pleasure and delight to the movement of the will. The old fable of the sun and the wind, each striving in turn to make the traveller open or lay aside his cloak, points to the same difference in method. In our day at least, and especially among preachers, this difference should be carefully borne in mind; the measure of usefulness will depend in large degree upon clear discernment of the signs of the times at this point. No age, perhaps, has been so impatient of all dictation as our own, none more sensitive to the slightest outward assertion or assumption of authority: it cannot be driven, it must be drawn; but none surely has been so open to persuasion, so ready to lend a respectful hearing to words that are both reasonable and courteous. By such words alone can real conviction, deep and lasting, be won. He who adopts the oracular, authoritative, dictatorial air, when he rises before an audience, fails to move intelligent men; he may flog his hearers with words, if they are schoolboys in mind, but after they have outgrown the rod, and put away childish thoughts and things, his method will no longer serve.

Homiletics, then, is not a mere branch, or species, of rhetoric, as it has sometimes been called; such a definition is too narrow. But rhetoric is a fundamental and important element in the preacher's work. Homiletics, upon one side at least, is rhetoric with a special purpose to govern its application, and direct its use. A wide and thorough knowledge of the elements and properties of style, of purity in diction, of clearness, force, and elegance in the choice of words, of just arrangement in marshalling and massing ideas, of the power of apt and striking figures to illumine and enliven thought, with whatever else adds charm and color, effect and impressiveness, to human speech, — all this, it is the function of rhetoric to impart. All the subtle but legitimate methods men may take to enlighten the understanding, to quicken the imagination, to stir the feelings, and thus to move the will, of their fellow-men, should be covered by the preacher's training. The means that others all around him use for narrow, selfish, worldly ends, he must learn to use, with no less diligence and patience surely, for the larger, holier, unworldly ends of his ministry. In this respect at least, the children of this world must not be wiser in their generation than the children of light.

3. The preacher must study the masters of public speech, both the living and the dead, in other

tongues and in other callings, and in his own. Eloquence is rhetoric applied, illustrated, informed with life. *Brevissima via per exempla*, example is better than precept, as the Latin adage teaches us, because it is at once clearer, easier, and more persuasive. Its effects are gained in large measure, not through actual and deliberate copying, but through unconscious and continual imitation. Habits of speech and the formation of style, especially, are subject to these subtle and unconscious influences. In these directions we are all affected, slowly and insensibly, but deeply, permanently, and from our earliest intelligence, by the strength of our associations. The child takes his language, his words and his idiom alike, from the servants in the house, and later from the children on the playground and in the streets, far more than from the teaching in the schools. There are few public speakers who do not at times, by word or phrase, in meaning or in pronunciation, betray the effect of these early surroundings. It is significant from the intellectual no less than from the spiritual point of view that the great preachers of the early Church, Basil and the Gregories, Chrysostom and Augustine, were all trained from infancy by careful and gifted mothers.

In later and more reflective years also, these subtle, unconscious influences have an importance not

to be overlooked. We are all subject to the daily and demoralizing effect of popular usage. The newspaper is the channel through which whatever is low and coarse, meaningless and indiscriminate, barren and brutal, in the language of the streets, finds its way into our homes and into our minds. But the newspaper cannot be escaped; we must read it in part at least. With all its defects, in manners and in morals, and despite its evident and growing deterioration, it has become a necessity to him who would follow the course of events and know what thoughts are in the minds of his fellow-men to-day. Like the physician, the preacher cannot flee from contagion, and his only safety lies in recognizing his danger, and taking precautions against the insidiousness of disease.

On the other hand, the preacher is beset as a student by an opposite danger. Other languages besides his own, especially the German, he must use for purposes of study and research. And this necessity, where matter counts for everything and manner for nothing, tends to make him oblivious to differences of idiom and usage, and insensible to the finer qualities of his native tongue, and produces that careless or pedantic, but always awkward and hybrid style, which disfigures so many of our books and magazines of the higher class. This subtle influence, also, the speaker must not overlook.

Neither of these dangers can be met by direct attack. Both must be approached and turned aside by indirection. Another set of influences, as subtle, as gradual, as pervasive, must be brought in play, if evil is to be overcome with good. And for this purpose, the direct and diligent study of form and expression needs to be supplemented by that unconscious influence which comes from intimate and daily familiarity with the acknowledged masterpieces of thought and language. To walk with the wise, the proverb tells us, is to gather something of their wisdom. And to find and feel for ourselves the charm of fitting and eloquent speech is to cultivate a wholesome distaste for all that is coarse and commonplace, crude and unfinished in expression; it is to imitate, almost unconsciously, the manner of those with whom we thus associate, to take delight ourselves in what Lowell calls "the habitual full dress of the well-bred mind." Or, to change the figure and carry out the comparison already used, great thoughts expressed in choice and memorable words, familiar by frequent repetition, will penetrate and fill the mind, and serve as a prophylactic against the contagion of popular and of pedantic speech, against hybrid English and the English of the newspapers.

But these results, it may be said, will follow from familiarity with any pure and classic English,

with speech or essay, with poetry or prose. There are other advantages, however, which the speaker can gain only from the study of speech in its varied forms. Every one has noticed and felt the difference between the spoken and the written style, although few, it may be, could define the difference, or tell in what it consists. For the public speaker, it is most important that this difference be carefully analyzed and thoroughly understood.

The written style, then, addresses the mind through the eye alone: the impression which it seeks to produce, and upon which it relies, may be formed slowly and at leisure, and renewed, corrected, repeated, and enlarged whenever the reader desires. There is room, therefore, for delicate and subtle thought, — for thought that requires time and patient effort before it can be grasped in full. Such qualities, indeed, if only a fair meaning be apparent at the outset, allure the reader, and lead him back to frequent study and to ever new delight: they give to prose a part of the depth and charm of poetry. The construction, also, may be complex and intricate: the eye takes in all the clauses of a sentence at a single glance, and readily discerns the relation of one to another, of each to the whole. Abrupt and sudden changes are avoided, softened down, or smoothed away; connectives are frequent and varied, imbedded often

within the clause, not standing at its beginning; transitions are uniformly made as gentle and gradual as possible. Such is written style at its highest and its best, as the masters of literature, from Plato downward, have used it.

The spoken style, on the other hand, reaches the mind through the ear, and, so far as words are concerned, through the ear alone. The play of thought and feeling across the speaker's face, the light and glow and life that pass from his eyes to the eyes and hearts of his hearers, all these give expression and emphasis, but they cannot give distinctness, definiteness, to his utterance; his thought can only become intelligible through his words, his words through the ear alone. The impression which he seeks to produce, and upon which alone he can rely, must be made *d'un seul jet*, as a whole and in all its parts at once. It cannot be retouched, corrected, enlarged; it can be repeated and renewed only by the imperfect and uncertain aid of memory. The thought to be expressed, then, must be given forth with strength and mass: it must stand out in firm lines and bold relief. It may be profound, suggestive, far reaching: it must not be too delicate, over subtle, fine drawn. Constructions, also, must be simple, straightforward, easy to grasp. Long sentences may take their turn with the short, but the longest must not be

complex or involved, but composed of parts distinctly articulated and connected in natural order; each sentence so plain, in fact, that wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. Transitions should be obvious; successive points must be made sharp and striking: truths that are meant to be held in memory must be enforced by repetition, or recapitulated in other words. Such is the spoken style, at its highest and its best, as the masters of assemblies have used it from Demosthenes downward. It differs from the written style at every turn, but all these differences fall under three particulars, — directness, point, and force.

Now the preacher is a public speaker, and as such his style should be the spoken style. Different methods of delivery are not under our present consideration: the emphasis lies here upon the effect which the sermon should produce; whether it be read, or recited, or uttered without notes, the style should be the same. He who writes his sermons has greater need to cultivate this spoken quality than he who speaks. But the preacher's studies make him familiar chiefly with the written style: the books he reads both in his special department and in general literature are all of this class: his own style is from day to day insensibly framed after these models. To counteract, then,

or better, to supplement, this influence, he should study the masters of public speech. If he is familiar with other languages, whether classic or modern tongues, he will find it an advantage to read the best of orators aloud to train his ear, and then to put their thought in English words, gaining thereby facility and fitness in speech. In Greek, let him dwell upon Demosthenes, until he feels the orator's variety and fineness and force, in the limpid clearness of narration, in point and brevity of reasoning, in close persuasiveness of appeal. Then let him try to reproduce the same effects in terse and vigorous and varied English. The Oration on the Crown he read at college, at sundry times and in divers manners, cut up in daily portions: now let him master the great oration as a whole, that he may follow its movement, feel its passion, and catch its tone. The time it takes, the labor it costs, are both well spent; no written words make clearer the secret of the spoken style.

Among the masters of modern speech, France offers her orators of the Revolution, each characterized by Castelar in striking figure:[1] "Mirabeau, la tempestad de ideas; Vergniaud, la melodía de la palabra; Danton, el fuego, la ardiente lava del espíritu; Camilo, el inmortal Camilo, eterno, sublime niño escapado de Atenas, con cin-

[1] *Discursos Parliamentairos*, iii. 127.

cel en vez de pluma, especie de bajo relieve del Partenón, viviente, animado." Spain points to Castelar himself, somewhat florid to our northern taste, but rich in historic allusion and political insight, and eloquent with the mingled majesty and music of the Castilian tongue. "I never lack for a word, — Pitt never lacks for the word," is the discriminating tribute ascribed to Pitt's older rival, Fox. The secret of Pitt's happier choice of words, as ready but more exact, lies in large measure in his early habit of translation from the classics. There was scarcely a Greek or Latin classical writer of any eminence, his tutor tells us, the whole of whose works Pitt had not read before the age of twenty. "His mode of translating the classics to his tutor," writes a biographer, "was a peculiar one. He did not construe an author in the ordinary way, but after reading a passage of some length in the original, he turned it at once into regular English sentences, aiming to give the ideas with great exactness, and to express himself at the same time with idiomatic accuracy and ease. Such a course was admirably adapted to the formation of an English style, distinguished at once for copiousness, force, and elegance. To this early training Mr. Pitt always ascribed his extraordinary command of language, which enabled him to give every idea its most felicitous expression, and to

pour out an unbroken stream of thought, hour after hour, without once hesitating for a word, or recalling a phrase, or sinking for a moment into looseness or inaccuracy in the structure of his sentences."[1] This single instance, this long but pertinent quotation, must suffice upon this point. But it would be easy to multiply instances to show how large a place the practice of translation has had in the training of skilful speakers, from Cicero, who followed the Greek orators with close and constant study, to Lord Mansfield, who confesses that while a student at Oxford he rendered all the orations of Cicero into written English, and then, after an interval, retranslated his English into Latin. Some other language than his own, either classic or modern, almost every student of to-day has learned; there is no reason then why he should not make this knowledge tributary to his training as a speaker, with the light of example before him.

If the English language, however, confines the preacher's choice, how wide a field still opens before him from which he may select! No modern tongue contains so rich and varied stores of eloquence as our own. The platform and the bar the student may lay under tribute, no less than the pulpit. Orators of other generations he may compare with profit with orators of his own. Differ-

[1] *British Eloquence*, 552.

ences in style will teach him much by very contrast. His own defects of temperament and gift he may remedy by careful choice of models. If he lacks imagination, warmth, fire, let him learn to kindle at Chatham's flame. If, on the other hand, his feelings are sensitive and easily stirred, but his language loose, his logic defective, and his thought incoherent, let him turn to Erskine, the earliest master of the modern style in speaking, whom a competent authority recently pronounced the most important of English orators for students of English law. Whatever his own native gifts or defects may be, no speaker can afford to neglect Edmund Burke, who alone among orators, by the power and scope of his mind, and by the wealth of his wisdom and suggestiveness, reminds one of Shakespeare. "He is the only man," said Johnson, "whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. No man of sense could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower without being convinced that he was the first man in England." The speech on Conciliation with America, especially, less exuberant and "Asiatic" than others of his speeches, which Sir James Mackintosh regards as "the most faultless of Mr. Burke's productions," by the logical order of its thought and the masterly grouping of historic detail, deserves hardly less attentive

study than the Oration on the Crown. Modern speakers must not be forgotten for the old, and in the England of our own age Cobden will teach the student to use his mother tongue in a manner simple, straightforward, matter-of-fact: "You know I never give any peroration to my speeches," he said, "when I have finished, I sit down:"[1] while John Bright affords illustration of all varieties of modern speech, the imaginative, the passionate, the distinct appeal to reason, all built up on the plainest, homeliest idiom which the language makes possible, and which a Quaker training could impart. In our own country, it is enough to mention Webster for weight and majesty, and Wendell Phillips for a matchless blending of simplicity and variety, of force and grace.

Least of all can the great preachers be neglected by any preacher who rightly values his lofty calling. "I never read sermons," is the confession that comes too often from the lips of ministers today, a confession put forward with something of conscious pride, as if the statement were enough to prove the speaker's personal genius and originality. A similar confession would hardly be made in other callings. Great arguments at the bar, judicial decisions of the bench, are carefully and minutely studied by lawyers and by judges of dis-

[1] Cobden, *Speeches*, p. 478.

tinction; and studied, not for their substance alone, but for manner, for the language in which the thought is clothed. The masters of public speech in every department have followed the utterances of their predecessors and their contemporaries with the minutest and most patient care. Read the lives of those preachers whose words have sunk the deepest, who have left lasting effects in the minds and hearts of men, and you will find they never despised a kindred training. In preaching, as in every creative art, analysis must be mastered before synthesis: you must be able to take sermon or speech apart, before you can put the parts together with justice and effect. And this power to analyze finds its best development and discipline, not in our own imperfect work, but in the finished work of the masters of speech. To follow the processes by which great preachers achieve their results, with close attention to each detail, to order, form, and phrase, is to gain facility and freedom in the working of our own minds, is to develop our own creative power.

Nor can the unconscious influence of this familiarity with the great preachers be overestimated. In the sermons of some men the note of provincialism is always painfully prominent: whatever they touch, their tone, their language, their thought, are all of narrowest type: they remind you, it

is well said, of the conversation of those people who have never been out of their native village: they need to be broadened by contact with the larger world. Now, to know the great preachers of every age and communion is to lift the mind to a broader as well as higher level; it is to break down provincial barriers, and give the vision and freedom of the whole truth. Even the truths we already know and love, also, gain new effect, as these studies teach us new methods of approach, illustration, and appeal. The very association of the untrained, undeveloped mind, with minds of larger grasp and poise, and perfect discipline, is itself an education: it makes our own thought more vigorous and sustained in movement: it gives a tone, a pace unto our minds: it cultivates in language even a finer choice, a subtler sense of difference and of proportion, a delicate precision on the one hand, and on the other a wider range.

The preacher cannot make his choice too wide in this direction. The wealth of imagery and color in Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakespeare of divines," as Emerson calls him; the simple but majestic rhythm of Hooker; the point and vigor of South; the logic and learning of Barrow; the naturalness and ease of Tillotson, — all have their lessons to teach, their unconscious influence to impart. The masters of the French pulpit will cultivate his

sense of form and order, of progress and precision in his movement: not simply the preachers of the court of Louis XIV., Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet: but those of later times and of our own, Lacordaire, Ravignan, Monsabré, and the present preacher of Notre Dame, D'Hulst: among Protestants, from the earlier days, Saurin; from our own times, Colani, Babut, Decoppet, and Bersier, the last of whom by virtue of his training in our own country awakens larger interest, and stands nearer us in his mode of thought.

The English pulpit of to-day by its very wealth embarrasses the choice. No century compares with this in the quality of English preaching at its best. There is certainly no sign of decadence here. Each communion has its men of light and leading, its voices not echoes, its masters of thought and form. The Unitarians point to the calm and philosophic power of Martineau, the deep, spiritual insight of Thom, the practical religious teaching of Beard. The Independents are well represented by Principal Fairbairn, who needs no introduction here, and by Dale, whom it would be hardly too much to call the greatest of living preachers. Maclaren, among the Baptists, has created a special type of exposition. The Church of England counts Liddon her preacher to intelligence and the reason, and Knox Little her type of fervid evangelism; while the

Bishop of Ripon, Carpenter, and the late Archbishop of York, Magee, take highest rank as preachers without notes, the last, perhaps the finest type of that method of delivery which our age and our language afford. Yet an eagle's flight above all the rest must be placed the three great names of Newman, Manning, and Church: Newman, so rich in color and imagery and varied power; Manning, the keenest analyst of sin, the most direct of preachers to the conscience; and Church, whose calm and thoughtful treatment of lofty themes lifts the hearer into a purer atmosphere,

"Where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

The words in which Principal Shairp sets forth the qualities of Newman's Parochial Sermons might better be applied to the blended power of these three names: "so simple and transparent," he writes, "yet so subtle withal; so strong, yet so tender; the grasp of a strong man's hand, combined with the trembling tenderness of a woman's heart, expressing in a few monosyllables truth which would have cost other men a page of philosophic verbiage, laying the most gentle yet persuasive finger on the very core of things, reading to men their own most secret thoughts better than they knew them themselves."[1] If other preachers profit us by individual qualities of outline and form, these

[1] *Aspects of Poetry*, 381, 382.

surely will bring their best fruit into our lives, when we have caught their tone and spirit through long and close association and daily familiarity. They must be studied as the poets are studied, with patient care and meditation. But the effect is worthy of the cost. For no preacher who walks each day in such companionship, who breathes this air indeed, can let his own style sink to the coarse and vulgar level of the streets, or become the slave of sensationalism or pedantry in the pulpit.

With the preachers of our own country you are more or less familiar. They have their lessons to teach, some of them nearer to our special work than we can learn from preachers more remote in time and place. But none of them, with all fairness it must be added, disclose those finer qualities which the English pulpit at its best reveals. The sturdy manhood and spiritual suggestiveness of Bushnell, the rush and force and rhythmic flow of Brooks, the many-sided practical insight of Beecher, all are worth our study. The latter, I must confess, little as he can teach in form, for variety and for homely truth to common life surpasses all. No single sermon fails to have its special portion, remark, or anecdote, or keen interpretation, for each special class the preacher sees before him. To each he gives some morsel of the bread of life, and to this adaptation in his teaching, rather than to any brilliant gift, his power is due.

To study each preacher, then, for his special gift, and at his best; to supplement the defects of one by the excellences of another; to gather from all a clearer idea of effective form and presentation in the preacher's message, and frame a larger ideal of what the man behind the words should be, — these are the objects which the student of homiletics sets before him, as he turns to study the masters of the pulpit. No slavish imitation, no copying of a conscious model, is possible to him whose mind is open to many types of excellence. And the higher the masters whom he follows most, the more will he be lifted above formal imitation to the sharing of a kindred spirit.

The list of preachers I have named is long; but it is not exhaustive. I have mentioned only those, and but a part of those even, to whom I owe a personal debt for power and inspiration, who have been of help to me in a preacher's life. A few hints of this character I should have prized when my pastorate began: I make these hints to-day, in the hope they may prove helpful to others as they begin to preach. There is material for a lifetime's study here: but half an hour a day given to special work like this will soon give any man a feeling, an instinct, for spoken style, free him from the undue influence of written forms, and enlarge his use of his mother tongue.

SERMONS.[1]

I.

"CALLED TO BE SAINTS."

"Paul, called to be an apostle of Jesus Christ through the will of God, and Sosthenes our brother,

"Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints." — 1 Corinthians i. 1, 2.

"PAUL, called to be an apostle;" 'them that are at Corinth called to be saints.' These are the two clauses which I wish to separate from those we have read, in order to fix your attention on them this morning. I fear the first impression on our minds as we put these clauses together is of contrast. "Called to be an apostle"! We have a very large idea of what that means. "Called to be a saint"! We have a very poor and small idea of that, as shown in our conduct. Yet I am very sure that the thought of the Apostle here is not of contrast, but of closest parallelism. He sets the two side by side as if they were on the same level. Paul was not the man to parade, uncalled for, his points of superiority over others. Sometimes, in

[1] Reproduced from imperfect stenographer's notes.

this epistle notably, he is driven to recall the distinguishing marks of his apostleship, not for himself alone, but for the sake of the churches he has founded, to set them on a level with the early Jewish churches. This is never his choice. He loved rather, with all great souls, to dwell on what was common to him and those whom he addressed. It is a mark of littleness — shows a mind essentially small, and a temper contemptible — to put self on a pedestal before our fellows, and challenge their admiration for what we have and they cannot gain, and forget our vast distance from the divine ideal. The highest genius is here at one with the highest goodness. It loves to emphasize what it holds in common with all men, — what all men may have, and ought to have. "Called to be an apostle," "called to be saints"! This is the common thought which rings and reëchoes through the epistle. Its refrain, "We are called," blends the clauses of the text, and binds together the hearts of the Apostle and his hearers, and with theirs our own, bringing to each of us, if we will realize it, the same hope, and duty, and divine warning.

I. "Called to be saints." This is the clause on which we will chiefly dwell, because we do not need to dwell on the earlier clause. No one of us has any question as to Paul's claim that he was "called to be an apostle." But it seemed then, even to

some of his own converts, to be extravagant, while the Jewish Christians all over the world were disposed to set him lower than the Twelve. This very epistle was written largely to maintain his equal right and dignity with his fellow apostles. But all dispute on this point is past. The world has heard him, and he has so far moulded the Christianity of the Western World, — Christianity as we know it, and as the last ten centuries have known it, — that it is difficult for us to lift the other apostles, even Peter, James, and John, up to the level of Paul.

So we do not need to emphasize the fact that he was called to be an apostle, but we do need to emphasize the fact that everybody is called to be a *saint*, and that *everybody* is called to be a saint. We do not very often think of ourselves as called to be anything, still less saints, yet this is what Paul insists upon. Hence we must study closely what the Apostle means, how he uses the title, and so what force it should have for us.

1. Let us see how widely he uses the phrase. It is not the Corinthians alone who are so addressed. Turn to the opening of the Epistle to the Romans, "Paul called to be an apostle, . . . to all that be in Rome . . . called to be saints." As these epistles were written near the same time, we do not wonder at the kindred thought. Take, then, the later epistles, the three great epistles of "The Prison House

at Rome," — Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, — and you find the same phrase, — "the saints which are at Ephesus," Philippi, or Colosse. There is indeed a noteworthy change in the form of this address from that in the earlier epistles. There he addresses the church, or the churches of a locality, but here the saints: as if the more he has grown in mind, the more he has come to see three things; first, that the holiness of the church is nothing more than the holiness of the members who make it up; secondly, that a "saint" is what every individual is called and meant by God to be; and lastly, that the highest help, the first service, he can render any little gathering of Christians, is to keep this truth before their minds, first, last, and all the time. So, again and again, as he writes to different churches, he begins with the same supreme ideal of their lives. We hardly need say that through each epistle runs the same line of argument. He presses home the truth on all occasions, in all circumstances, relates it to all duties. Whenever he writes to any company of Christians, he writes to them as if they were saints, and calls them such.

2. Now when we turn to the character of the people who made up these early churches, we do not find them to be saints in the sense we give to the word. The use of the phrase is not accounted for by their native qualities or present attainments.

Many of them had been drawn from the class of slaves, the most corrupt in the Roman State, steeped in vice, tainted with all manner of sins. How often we notice, after a catalogue of crimes prevalent in that day, that the Apostle adds, "and such were some of you"! This he does only to mark the contrast between the past and the present. Yet even now they do not show as ideal saints. We see them quarrelsome, divided into factions, with little unity of spirit: their meetings were sometimes boisterous, their sacred feasts stained with pride, jealousy, selfishness. The Apostle is here writing expressly to condemn a flagrant case of crime in the very church, whose members he addresses as "saints." We feel, as we rise from reading his epistle, that the term would have to be taken with a great latitude of meaning, before we could apply it to people who make up such a gathering as this.

3. Yet, notice, in the third place, that there is no lowering of the ideal of what a saint should be or of what a calling is. Both words have for Paul a profound meaning.

a. A "saint" with him is the highest possible ideal of humanity. There are few sadder things in the history of Christianity than the way in which this great word, which shines out in the pages of the New Testament, has been dwarfed and dimmed. I turn to mediæval history, to the language of the

great writer who has died within two years, and find a saint, a man who is ascetic, sour-visaged, fasting, who goes through the world fighting, and for himself alone. I turn to Puritanism, and read it in the letters of Oliver Cromwell and the men who made his staff and officers, and here is another type of saint just as narrow-minded, with an added touch of cant, from which the mediæval saint was free; and then I open the New Testament and say, Does the word mean such a pitiful being, instead of the kind of man Paul conceives? Under these two classes of saints noble lives have been lived. It is a fact of Christianity that multitudes of men are better than their belief, and higher than their professed ideal. But these later associations with the word, mediæval narrowness and asceticism on the one side, Puritan censoriousness and hardness on the other, have sadly dwarfed and belittled its meaning until it has become alas! to many ears and minds, only a cant term. Brush these aside, put off all colored spectacles, and look into the New Testament. There you see meet and blend, the gentle grace, winsomeness, and charity of a Francis Assisi, the personal purity in thought and feeling of a Milton, the heroic manhood of a Philip Sidney, the large-souled philanthropy, devotion, and self-sacrifice that burned and blazed in Xavier. That is the kind of saint that the New Testament

holds before you, and I challenge you to find in all the wide world of lofty thought, action, and feeling, a broader, higher, nobler, type of man or woman than this, Paul's "Saint."

b. "Called," again, is a great word on the lips or from the pen of Paul. How he dwelt upon its meaning in his own case, when forced to contend for the sacred name of Apostle! How exalted as a privilege, it seemed to him, raising him to the level of others, even though they had known Christ after the flesh as he had not! "Called"! it meant that road to Damascus, and the dazzling light which smote him down; it meant that before his birth God had fashioned him and sent him into the world for a divine purpose. And now remember, when he says "called to be saints" of his fellow disciples, he does not lower that thought. He believes as he utters these words and impresses them on his hearers that every disciple in Colosse or Corinth is just as truly called of God to be a saint as he himself is called to be an Apostle. The callings rest on the same level and basis, have the same great object in view, and when complete they reach the same divine end. He is no more called to be an Apostle than the humblest Christian of his day is called to be a saint.

4. Now, as we think of the greatness of this ideal, as we see how much it means, I think we

see why he has put the two clauses together here, and why at the beginning of his epistles he delights to insist on this great thought, that every disciple is called to be a saint.

a. It explains to him the meaning of the sacrifice of Christ. That had never taken place for any lower purpose than this: not to snatch a sinful man away from the punishment he deserves, leaving him stained with the same sin as before, not to snatch him from hell, but to lift the soul out of that sin and selfishness which *is* hell, out of those temptations which blind his eyes and deafen his ears to every divine call, out of the bondage and slavery of sin into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, — that is the purpose of the Incarnation! Christ came, suffered, died, rose, ascended, that you, my brother, might be a saint, and nothing less than that was worthy of His coming.

b. Then, again, the same thought explains the Apostle's own call. Why was he sent out into the world with this great message? Why was he forbidden to go to his own people and sent to the uttermost parts of the known world to bear the message of the cross? Because, he now sees, they — these despised pagans, these races lying in darkness beneath the contempt of the Jew and the Greek — are called to be saints; because God purposes to create in these distant races a new type of man.

c. Lastly, in this truth Paul was finding the secret of the new and strange moral force which Christianity had brought into the world. He had seen in hundreds of his converts the power of this truth to reform the life and build up the character. If you would make a man something out of nothing, you must do more than menace him with whips. Loftier than law is it to put within his heart a divine spirit, and set before his eyes a higher purpose, and make him feel that he is called of God to be and to do something in this world. Look at the early history of Christianity. I have pointed out the class of people with whom it had to deal, the dregs of the Roman State; but not more wonderful was that power which centuries before stooped in Egypt to an enslaved people, led them through the wilderness, and lifted them into a nation, than this moral force of the Christian faith, which built up the base material under its hand into a new manhood and a new civilization. Aye, and within two centuries compelled the admiration of the haughtiest of Roman philosophers and the most hostile of sceptics. Marcus Antoninus writes that if it were possible for those of the Stoic sect, to which he belonged, to reach the level of the despised Christians, there would be hope for the future of Stoicism. Julian the apostate, who thought that he could sweep from the earth the

Christianity in which he had been cradled, was first to confess that not until paganism could reach the moral level of Christianity was there any hope for paganism. That early church is an eternal comment on the power of this call, the "call to be saints."

II. Has the power of such a call passed away for us to-day? Has it no message to bring to our ears and our lives? Do we not need to be reminded often of what God expects of us, of what Christ means us to become, of the purpose of the New Testament and the Gospel as it is sent into our lives and into our hearts? We, too, are "called to be saints." The lesson needs now, as of old, to be repeated, kept daily before us, and enforced upon our hearts. The words are not common enough with us. We must rescue them from cant and disgrace, lift them above controversy, release them from all fetters of narrow interpretation, and take them home to our hearts.

1. In the first place, let us remember that the call is to every Christian disciple, not to the minister alone, but to laymen as well. Their call is on the same level, from the same source, with the same divine certainty and purpose. It used to be the fashion to speak of the ministry as "a sacred calling." This way of speaking has gone out of

fashion: if because the ministry has lost its sacredness, then this is a sad thing for the church and for the race; but if we mean that all other callings have been brought up to something of the same sacredness, then it is a blessing to the world. But there still lingers in the hearts of many Christian people the idea that the minister is called to some level of character which it would be absurd to expect of the layman. Did you never see a Christian who, in the case of his own character and conduct, would allow a thousand things which he would be ashamed to have his minister do? Do you find any excuse for it in the light of this verse? If I were speaking to a congregation of ministers I would say, With your contact with the truth of God, you ought to have an ideal character far above that of your neighbors, and whatever criticism they pass upon you, ought only to give you a higher idea of what Christ wants you to be. But I should fail of my duty as a Christian preacher if I did not say to you, that no Christian has any right to expect from his minister a higher level of conduct than his own. Your moral vision sees no ends too high for you to seek, sets no standards for another, even for a minister, that you should not, need not, reach. What you feel the minister has no right to do, that you have no right to do. What you feel unworthy of his calling, that is un-

worthy of yours. You are called to be a saint, he is called to help you to be a saint. The end of his calling is found in yours, to which his is but the means. He is the tool to help make you a saint, and the tool is less than the work produced. When God gives you a vision of something better than yourself, or something larger and more unselfish than you are to-day, that vision is from heaven, and is meant for your guidance. Be not disobedient to it. The voice of your conscience will never sound too loudly for your own life, nor present a higher ideal than God has meant for you.

2. So again the call is for all men, not alone for the professing Christian. There are a great many people in every congregation who feel and see the ideal which a church member should reach, and are very severe when Christians fall short of their ideal. I make no apology for any Christian's defects, but I say to the man who sees what the Christian should be, How did you come to see it, my brother? The New Testament taught you, the Apostle's language shows you, he has painted for you the vision of what a saint should be, and your own heart says, that is right, and every Christian ought to be that. But has God flooded your heart with light merely to make you a judge of your brother? Is that the purpose of the

New Testament and of the Incarnation? No, my brother, you are called to be a saint, up to the highest measure you can see. God never gave you any light which he did not mean you to use in your own life. He has put no conscience in your breast to make you a circuit judge over some one else. You, all of you, are called to be saints. In this call Father, Son, and Spirit unite. "The Spirit and the Bride say come." The church, the preacher, the open word, join in the appeal. Would that I might set it ringing forever in your hearts, to haunt your life, till it should re-make and transform it all — "you are called to be saints."

Remember, then, three final lessons.

1. We have all a divine purpose behind our lives. God calls us, not we ourselves, to be saints. He calls us by sending His Son to die for us, and His Spirit to breathe within us. He has put us here, He has given us this life and light, for this end. The utmost that God can do for us, I say it reverently, the highest thing he can do for us, is to make us in His likeness, and that can only be done by the fulfillment of this purpose, the developing within our lives of the noblest saintship and the largest likeness to His Son.

2. We have here a divine promise. How much this means! He who has begun a good work in

you will not leave it unfinished. Wherever moral failure is recorded, God is not the cause. Your life is not straitened in Him, but in yourself. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." Reach out to your whole heritage. You cannot ask too much. Remember the word of the Apostle: if He gave His Son for us, "how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" The greater includes the less. His purpose implies the promise of the grace you need to-day, to-morrow, and the next day, until you trample on every sin, and fulfill at last your calling to saintship.

3. In the last place, the divine warning in the verse must be noticed. If there is any failure to attain that ideal, it is not God's but yours; and be assured that He can never be content with less and that you can never be satisfied with less. You were made to be a son of God, and though you fill yourself with husks you can never be content to be a swine. You were made to be saints, and with that light flooding your life, and that ideal filling your vision, and that call in your ears, anything less than that done and realized becomes its own condemnation, and when the soul has narrowed itself, and forever shut out all divine life and possibility, I think no remorse can ring within our ears more terrible than these simple words, "Called to be saints."

You remember the language of one of our own poets, as he describes the soul of the malefactor just on the borders of eternity, looking back over his life: —

"Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 't is more awful to behold
A helpless infant, newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

"Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys, that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

"O glorious youth that once wast mine!
Oh high ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone."

J. R. LOWELL, *Extreme Unction.*

SERMONS.

II.

THE ENIGMA OF LIFE.

"For now we see in a mirror darkly." — 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Not "darkly," but "in a riddle," as the margin of the Revision reads. "In an enigma" is the exact translation. The phrase describes, not the manner in which we look, but the thing which we see. The darkness belongs, not to our vision alone, but to the object at which we gaze. Thus the clause harmonizes with the rest of the verse, with the whole chapter which teaches the relation in which we stand to the great world of human life, to our own present life, with all the problems therein disclosed and forced upon our thought and view.

That our vision here is imperfect and unsatisfying, all men confess: in this verse we learn the reason for its imperfection. That reason is twofold: —

1. We see only the reflection, not the reality. "In a mirror," says the Apostle, not "face to face"; "in part," not as a whole. The object we see in a mirror is not the object itself; it is only

a reflection. No object can be seen thus in its completeness. A face or a form presents but a single side to the mirror, and that side alone is reflected therein; of the other side the mirror cannot tell us. So in the glass of life, one side, one part, alone is seen: the other sides, the other parts, which together make the whole, our eyes cannot discern.

2. Again, the figure thus partially reflected is dim, obscure, uncertain. "In a mirror, in an enigma." The mirrors of the old world were made of polished metal. The art of coating glass with quicksilver, to produce a perfect reflecting surface, was then unknown. In any mirror the reflection may be dimmed by mist or moisture, by the very breath of the beholder. In the ancient mirror it was often distorted also by inequality and refraction. So in the glass of life the objects which we see, the very side and face which we behold, are reflected in broken and unequal lights. Not only do we see in part: the very part does not correspond wholly with the reality.

It is no wonder, then, that a vision so imperfect, a knowledge so poor and partial, should be destined to pass away, when once the perfect state has come, when we see "face to face," and know as fully as we are known. Hence the Apostle turns from our sight and knowledge, which are but tran-

sitory, to insist on the supremacy of that which can never pass, — of faith and hope and love which abide forever; of love above all, which remains forever the same, unchanged in character, though enlarged and deepened in power as we pass from the realm of the imperfect and shadowy into the realm of clear and everlasting light. Thus is this verse linked with the earlier verses of the chapter in this noble hymn and eulogy of love.

But to-day we take this single verse, this single phrase, as the subject of our thought. The enigma of life! How familiar the words sound! How full they seem of deep pathos and suggestion! We have all felt — who has not felt? — the fine fitness of the phrase. It applies to our own life and experience, to what we know of the life of others around us, to the life of all men, to the history of the world, with its manifold and perplexing problems. He feels its meaning most who has lived most himself and seen most of human life. The figure is as pathetic as it is true. The enigma of life! We see the child puzzling over the problem or riddle he is set to solve, using all his powers to draw some meaning from the seeming confusion before him. Again and again he tries, but finds no answer. Perplexed, discouraged, in despair, he may be, but he cannot give up the question. He is sure there must be an answer: he can

never rest content with ignorance and contradiction. So, as the figure implies, we turn again and again to the enigma of life, assured, however baffled, that some answer there must be. How pathetic the picture! What truth to life it conveys! What a testimony to the greatness of man's nature, — ay, and to the greatness of God's revelation of himself therein.

For notice the exactness of the Apostle's figure. It is chosen with deliberate care. It describes just the light in which Christianity, the grace of God as revealed in the gospel, compels us to look at the present life. The more closely we study the figure, the more clearly will its fitness appear.

I. Revelation has made life an enigma, and the gospel has deepened the enigma. The statement at first seems startling; but if we consider it, we shall find it is not only a fact, but a most significant fact, — a part of that tribute to our faith which comes from the unconscious lips and hearts of all who have known the gospel, or have come within the reach and range of even its partial influence.

Look at the figure again. What is a riddle, an enigma? It is not a mere mystery, but a mystery which some one has set before us by design, — a mystery with a meaning behind it, with an answer somewhere. It implies intention and purpose: it

makes a disclosure necessary. It is and must be the product of mind. It is neither fate nor chance. It is not mere unintelligent coincidence. The child would soon give over his effort to solve the puzzle if he were not sure there was meaning to be found there. He would not seek to unravel mere confusion or expect to find a clue to chaos. What is true of the child is equally true of the man. He will not try to read the riddle of nature or of history unless he believes there is a meaning behind it. Hence, outside of revelation and its assurance of order and purpose, inductive science knows little progress, and history is never studied as a complete and ordered whole. I know, of course, what Mohammedan Spain accomplished, but this is not an exception; for Mahomet drew from the Jewish revelation the secret of progress, and science, in Mohammedan Spain, however close its observation, reached no broad and fruitful generalization. Not science or history, however, is our direct theme now, but rather life, of which these are a part.

Christianity compels men, then, to regard life as an enigma. The mystery of the world was there before: Christianity makes it a mystery with a meaning. When the light of the gospel has dawned on us, we are sure there must be a meaning, and we cannot choose but seek it. This is true, not of the believer alone, but of all who are born beneath

its light. Take a community like ours: let any calamity befall a good man, such as his care and foresight could not have prevented, let evil follow upon some good action, and we are all perplexed and troubled at the result. When death invades a home, sudden death, and takes away the young man, the husband, the father, in the very prime of life and usefulness, the minister knows what the mourners will say. They cannot understand how God, who is good and who is our Father, should deal thus with them. They cannot understand, and their language implies that they expect to understand, they ought to understand; and hence they complain as if justly disappointed because they do not understand. Now, Christianity, the gospel, has created this expectation. The disappointment comes from the fact that life is not a mystery simply: it is an enigma.

The significance of this fact is only realized when we reflect that no other religion, no religion outside of revelation, has created such a demand or awakened and called out such an expectation. We find it in the Old Testament, upon the lips of prophet and psalmist and patriarch. "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil," cries Habakkuk, "and canst not look on iniquity: wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is

more righteous than he? and makest men as the fishes of the sea, as the creeping things, that have no ruler over them?" [1] "Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world," complains Asaph; "they increase in riches. Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." [2] "The earth is given into the hands of the wicked," sighs Job: "he covereth the faces of the judges thereof; if not, where and who is he?" [3] "That be far from thee," pleads Abraham, "to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" [4] These are questionings of a kindred tone with ours: it is the enigma still that presses sorely upon these hearts.

But when we turn to the pagan world, we find a different tone and view. The mystery is still there, but the enigma is gone: there is not even the hope of a clue. Neither expectation nor disappointment remains. The pagan looked in Greece and Rome, the pagan still looks in India and Japan, upon the great mystery of life, but with a blank and unexpectant gaze, not even asking for relief. No thin veil that half reveals what it hides,

[1] Hab. i. 13, 14. [2] Psalm lxxiii. 12, 13.
[3] Job ix. 24. [4] Genesis xviii. 25.

no curtain whose folds are for a moment drawn aside, invites the sad but eager eye and heart. It is a blank wall that confronts him, with no break and no promise of relief.

I have been reading of late a selection of epigrams from the Greek anthology, — brief poems arranged according to their subjects from the wide circle of the world's most perfect literature. The poems upon Fate and Change, Death and Life, are most significant. Here are all the pathos, tenderness, and sorrow with which our human lot and sympathy invest such themes. We feel the fresh grief, as we read, over the loss of friends and kindred, and even of the household pets, in those homes so far away. Here are inscriptions and epitaphs upon the betrothed girl, the bride, the mother with her babe, the boy of five or seven or twelve years old, the faithful nurse, the faithful slave, the favorite dog, the tame partridge, the nightingale. We feel how close akin we are to these aching hearts, how the brotherhood of sorrow bridges all distance of time and space and knits together the present and the past. But one thing we miss in all this record : one point of difference there is between these mourners and ourselves. We find no hint here of those " obstinate questionings," those vain attempts, forever renewed, to find some meaning in the tangled maze. Disappointment is here,

but seldom surprise; never, we may almost say, that bitter sense of wrong which troubles our hearts. They do not even blame the gods, these sufferers of old: they view all as the play of chance or the blind movement of unthinking fate. Life is to them a mystery, not an enigma. They expected little of their gods, and hence they complained not, and asked no reason for their broken hopes.

It is hard for us to realize a state of mind and heart like this: the very atmosphere is so unlike the air we breathe. This difference Christianity has created; and in the very complaints, the querulous unrest, with which our hearts are filled, believer and unbeliever alike, beneath the stroke of change and death, I find a noble, if unconscious, tribute to the gospel of Jesus Christ. It means much that we should expect and demand of this the key to every problem, the answer to the enigma of life. No other faith has ever created such a demand or awakened such an expectation.

II. Again, Christianity alone explains the enigma of life. Christianity alone can answer the questions it has raised.

These questionings, as we have seen, we all must know. They haunt us and follow us despite ourselves. They sit, like the fabled sphinx of old, confronting every life, demanding to be met and

answered. We turn to philosophy, to the religion nature teaches, to the best guesses man can make, but find no voice and no reply. We are driven back to Christ for the only answer and explanation. With Simon Peter we still must say, after all wanderings and vain attempts to find some other clue, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."[1] The answer of the gospel, then, is the only answer to the enigma. That answer is twofold. It tells us why the enigma exists: it points to the future with the promise of explanation yet to come. We cannot find relief unless we listen to both these voices.

1. The gospel tells us why life is an enigma. It is because this world is not a whole, complete in itself, but only a part of a greater whole. The part does not, it cannot, take the place of the whole. It is not meant to satisfy in itself. It is intended to awaken thought, desire, and expectation, that look beyond and make the future a necessity. The broken hopes, the expectations unfulfilled, whatever makes this life felt as incomplete and unsatisfying, — these all are part of God's design.

You do not expect to find the answer to a problem when only half the problem is before you. You do not open some romance or novel, some

[1] St. John vi. 68.

story of the outer or the inner life, and think to find the first chapter complete in itself. The first scene, the first act, of a great drama, does not disclose the entire plot. The interest awakened there must be sustained and deepened to the very end. If it falls or fails before this point, the drama is itself a failure. Life, it is said, is a drama, of which the fifth act lies in another world. Life, says the apostle, is an enigma, an unanswered riddle, because we know in part alone, and not the whole.

"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing,"[2] runs the Hebrew proverb. You remember what a change has passed over all your thought and life as you have passed from childhood into man's estate. What different standards, estimates, ideas, you have to-day from those you had at eight, at ten, at twelve years of age! And what a dwarfing of your life it would have been, had the childish thought and fancy never grown larger and deeper! The prattling words, the half-formed thought, the imperfect reasoning, all had their place; but when manhood came, you put away and left behind these childish things. The problem which it cost the little brains such pains to answer, you understand to-day at a single glance. You have a wider range of knowledge on which to draw, experience and a

[1] Prov. xxv. 2.

trained intelligence for your help. What wonder, then, since we are all children, undeveloped children, here, with this narrow range, this limited experience, — what wonder life, itself a part, should be to us an enigma?

2. The gospel points us toward an answer yet to come. If it does not bring the full solution of the problem here, it shows us where that full solution lies. If it makes the future a necessity to our conscience and our thought, it adds the highest assurance of the reality and satisfaction beyond. "Now," says the apostle, "at this moment," more literally, "we see through a mirror in an enigma; but then," with emphasis, "face to face." "Now I know in part; but then shall I know," know fully, as the margin adds, "even as also I was fully known." It is not omniscience which the words guarantee to us: that, like every other divine attribute, is God's, and God's alone. But we shall see enough to make the mystery plain. So from some height you look down upon the winding roads that lead through forests and valleys toward a single centre, some populous city, it may be. The wayfarer sees but a few rods before him; his eye cannot pass the nearest curve, but from your height you see the whole.

> "Thy truth gives promise of a dawn
> Beneath whose light I am to see,

When all these blinding veils are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me."[1]

The Apostle is thinking also of a more direct suggestion in the clauses before us. In place of the reflection in the mirror, we shall then see the reality. In place of the part, that face or side which is turned toward the glass and so alone disclosed to view, we shall know the whole. Faith, hope, and love will still be needed, and remain so long as the creature is finite and the Creator infinite; but the vision of God and the clear sight of all things in his light will fill the soul with untroubled trust, unfailing expectation, unquestioning love. Such is the solution to which the gospel points. Such the promise which the future holds. To all our questionings this is the reply.

"O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."[2]

Revelation, then, creates the enigma of life. It changes life from a confused maze, an unmeaning mystery, into an enigma, a mystery with a meaning. Christianity both deepens and enlarges the enigma, and explains it, giving a present reason

[1] S. Johnson.

[2] Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, 56 [old editions 55], 7.

for its existence and a promise of its solution in the future. No other religion has accomplished or even attempted either of these tasks. Let us learn to prize more highly that faith which proves itself to us all by its unconscious influence over us, and to those who follow its leading reveals an ever-growing light and promise. Let us learn, then, to use this light, and walk with greater confidence and wait with calmer trust.

1. Let us learn to meet aright, in manly and Christian spirit, the questions and problems of life. We may be sure they will arise in our own experience over and over again. We cannot wholly put them aside. When the mind only is touched by them, we may divert our attention and seek to rest content in simple ignorance. But the heart is more importunate. "My heart, I cannot still it," sings the poet; and, when the change and sorrow come most closely home, the content that comes from ignorance, from agnosticism, is scattered to the winds. The words of eternal life alone can satisfy then.

2. Let us beware of expecting the full solution here. Any philosophy, any theory of life, which claims to have answered all the problems of the world, proves thereby its incompleteness, its failure to grasp all the facts. To cut the knot is not to loosen it, to deny or ignore the enigma is not to

answer it. Remember the whole message of the gospel. Look forward to its promise as well as accept its present comfort.

3. Let us remember that the promise and answer of the gospel belong to the faithful heart, and not to the clear head alone.

> "For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
> And following that is finding Him."[1]

The closer we walk with Christ, the more we obey him, the more his truth grows clear and all-compelling. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee," he said to Nicodemus, "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. . . . If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"[2] We may also reverse the inference. If we have believed and proved His testimony in earthly things and found it true, we cannot but believe the witness that outruns our sight, of heavenly things. He never has misled us, never has been proved to be mistaken, in the path of present duty: shall we not believe Him, then, when He speaks with the same calmness and assurance of perfect knowledge of the things unseen, of the world beyond, of the Father's house? So shall we find grace to wait

[1] J. R. Lowell, *Above and Below.*

[2] St. John iii. 11, 12.

with patience for the clearer light on our present mystery, and say, with the Apostle's confidence, "Now we see in a mirror, in an enigma, but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know fully, even as also I was fully known."

"Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding, — not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent, — yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining!
No crushing fate, no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in thee!

. . . . . .

"Thy piercèd hand guides the mysterious wheels;
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
And, when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith, 'Watch with me one hour!'
As sinks the moaning river in the sea
In silver peace, so sinks my soul in Thee!"[1]

[1] Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

DANTE'S VISION OF SIN AND JUDGMENT.

A STUDY OF THE INFERNO.

THE face of the great poet of Florence must have fitly revealed his character. The death-mask of Dante, the best known — perhaps, as late researches lead us to believe, the only genuine — likeness of the poet, at first sight repels the beholder. There seems a mysterious kinship between this face and the Fates of Michael Angelo. It might serve as a representation of Nemesis even, for every line from brow to chin looks cold and unyielding. But closer study of the features softens this first repulsion; and leaves an impression much gentler and truer. What first seemed hardness and severity becomes a righteous indignation against wrong, and beneath apparent scorn there lies a tenderness unutterable, a love that has learned to be most kind because it has learned to be most just.

A kindred change comes over the man who studies faithfully the poet's masterpiece and largest legacy to the world, the "Divina Commedia." The hasty reader, especially if his reading is confined to the "Inferno," is repelled by much that is gro-

tesque, unseemly, and even cruel. He sees only partiality and caprice in the allotments of eternity, and the poem strikes him as a sorry travesty on justice, a miserable nightmare of vengeance, inspired by personal spite, by private prejudice or partisan hate and fierceness. "The whole place of punishment," writes Leigh Hunt, content with his first impression, "is a reductio ad absurdum, as ridiculous as it is melancholy; so that one is astonished how a man who thought himself so far advanced beyond his age, and who possessed such powers of discerning the good and beautiful, could endure to let his mind live in so foul and foolish a region for any length of time, and there wreak and harden the unworthiest of his passions." Such wonder is not strange after a single reading, in a mind like that of the essayist, sensitive rather than profound. That the denunciation, however, is as partial and superficial as sweeping verdicts are wont to be, may be inferred from the life of the poem, and its widening and deepening influence over the higher thought of men. Even among English-speaking people, the admiration of Dante, although slow in its growth, has almost passed into a cultus, and men of widest difference in taste and pursuits unite to do him homage. What is yet more remarkable, intelligent appreciation of his work not infrequently grows in inverse proportion

to the distance at which men stand from his own modes and forms of faith. All this would have been impossible, but for the intrinsic and abiding worth of the work. Had the poem been only a partisan pamphlet, or a personal satire, it would have shared the fate of these, it would have been as short-lived as they. Dante is not a Dean Swift or a Defoe, and the "Divina Commedia" cannot be brought down to the level of Hudibras. Dante's feeling for righteousness, his keen sense of the eternal distinction between right and wrong, his belief in the inflexible certainty of justice, — these have held fast the homage of men who have lost sight of God and given up all faith in the world to come. My present purpose is to emphasize these features of the poem, and, beneath what seems repulsive and discordant, to seek the foundations of essential wisdom, justice, and love. A full view cannot be given in the compass of this essay, and our attention will therefore centre in the first Cantica, the "Inferno." Dante's doctrine of sin and judgment, as developed in the "Divina Commedia," is our subject.

An intelligent interpretation of the poem must begin with Dante's own words. "The subject of this work," he writes to Can Grande, "must be considered according to the letter first, and then according to the allegorical meaning. . . . The sub-

ject of the whole work, then, taken literally, is the state of souls after death, regarded as a matter of fact. For from this and around this the action of the whole work moves. But according to the allegorical meaning, the subject is man, in so far as by merit or demerit, in the exercise of free will, he is exposed to the rewards or punishments of justice. . . . The object of the whole work, as of each part, is to bring those who live in this life out of their state of misery, and to guide them to the state of blessedness." Restricting his words, then, to the "Inferno," his purpose is to reveal, beneath the vivid lines and colors of actual facts, that inevitable sequence between sin and suffering, which runs through all worlds because it is built upon unchanging righteousness. His appeal here is to the reason and conscience of mankind: it needs no revelation to give to it either force or clearness. Hence, the name of God is unheard in these deeps of gloom: hence, also, Vergil, who proves so poor a guide along the ascent of Purgatory, and who fades from sight as we enter even the earthly Paradise, leads with sure steps down the dizzy steeps and along the winding corridors of Hell. With sin as a terrible and universal fact in human life, reason can foresee, conscience can foretell, both the certainty and the very form of doom: but the assurance and power of renewal, and the first faint out-

lines of the heavenly vision, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, but God who has created can alone reveal them by His Spirit. By reason and conscience, the poet would have us judge his work, as we pass from circle to circle of the world below: the faith that is born of divine grace must lead us through both the worlds above.

Let us pause with Dante, and read again the inscription over the sombre gates of Hell. To us as to the poet, the meaning may be hard at first, but the words will strike the keynote to all that follows. I give the first three lines for their solemn cadence, and that we may not mar the symmetry of the whole: the last six contain the important truths we are studying: —

"Per me si va nella citta dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore:
Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza, e 'l primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro:
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate." [1]

[1] *Inferno*, iii. 1–9.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain;
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure:
All hope abandon, ye who enter here." — CARY.

Righteousness is the moral cause of the world of despair; for *giustizia* is the full heir as well as the lineal descendant of the Latin *justitia*. Neither language has any other word for righteousness, and the meaning is far broader than our "justice." Over the great code of Roman law runs the inscription, "Justice is the fixed and everlasting will to give each man his due." So over the eternal world of Dante we read, "Justice moved my lofty Maker." Even-handed justice, as Shakespeare puts it, righteousness that marks the eternal distinction of right and wrong, demands that the distinction be forever recognized in the broad world of fact, and in the experience of every conscious child of choice. By that moral necessity which men call a divine decree, a possible sin, and therefore a possible hell, was involved in the very creation of finite will: as soon as that possibility turned to terrible fact, chain and sequence stood complete, and suffering followed sin. But this first tragedy antedated the fall, the creation of man, the whole world of time: sin entered the world invisible, and hell began with the fall of Lucifer. So long, too, as sin endures, suffering must follow as the shadow follows the dark substance; but reason and conscience by themselves discern no limit to transgression, and hence see no end of pain. Revelation may bring her hint or her assurance, but here

there is no appeal to revelation. Hence, whether we look before or after, the dark gate looms up before us, casting its shadow of despair far beyond the limits of time, across the two eternities, and the inscription proves sadly true: —

> "Before me things create were none, save things
> Eternal, and eternal I endure:
> All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

But righteousness, as we have said, is more than simple justice. It includes all attributes of deity, it belongs alike to every revelation of God. The divine Power, the supreme Wisdom, and the primal Love, are all associated with Justice in this dark inscription. The Trinity is clearly indicated in Dante's words, and the teaching, therefore, is that Father, Son, and Spirit, — Power, Wisdom, Love, are one in their eternal righteousness, and in this its full expression. The recognition of man's ill desert as a universal fact, and of retribution as the inevitable law of the moral universe, is the foundation of Dante's "Purgatory" and "Paradise," no less than of the "Inferno." His doctrine of redemption rests on the perfect fulfillment of the law by Christ, which both manifested the divine grace and condescension, and met, as man could not have met, the demands of righteousness. But the development of this doctrine is apart from our pres-

ent purpose, and I mention it to show the harmony of this legend over the "Inferno," with Dante's higher teaching.

The sternness of these majestic lines softens into tenderness as the poet passes through the throng of shadowy forms, and the doctrine grows concrete in human lives. An unutterable pathos breathes through the sighs and groans of this opening canto, and finds its climax in the beautiful figure, borrowed from Vergil, but improved by borrowing: —

> "Come d' autunno si levan le foglie
> L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che 'l ramo
> Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie;
> Similemente il mal seme d' Adamo,
> Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una,
> Per cenni com' augel per suo richiamo." [1]

I cannot forget the many moving pictures of our human frailty which the poets give, and especially the long procession of our human life, as it meets us in the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám, touched to new meaning by Vedder's wonder-working pencil: —

[1] *Inferno*, iii. 112–117.

> "As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
> One still another following, till the bough
> Strews all its honors on the earth beneath;
> E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
> Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore
> Each at a beck, as falcon at his call."

"A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from — oh, make haste!"

But I can recall no other verses that equal these of Dante in the portrayal of our sad, sinful, wandering race, moving steadily onward toward the common doom of sin.

The common doom, I said: but my subject reminds me that the phrase is singularly inexact. That all sin brings sorrow, and is infinitely removed from the light of God, he has already taught us. But Dante never confounded sins in the common sin. Even-handed Justice is always his guide, and never have grades in guilt and grades in punishment received a more careful distinction than in the "Inferno." And thus we pass to consider the broad outline and grouping of this nether world, as it illustrates the righteousness of God.

In the outermost circle, called Limbo, or the border-land, are found the shades of unbaptized infants and those non-believers of every age, who, without the three theological or Christian virtues, faith, hope, and charity, have led worthy and useful lives in their generation. The whole region is free from torment; sorrow rather than pain is the rule. And those who have shown peculiar excellence in the world above are crowned with special

privilege by heaven. Here is the noble castle reared by wisdom and worth, defended by the seven virtues, as walls and bulwarks, surrounded by the stream of eloquence, and entered by the seven gates of knowledge. Here sorrow reaches its lowest measure, and in their semblance these heroes are neither grieved nor glad. Their place and state are nobler than were known to the happiest shades in the Elysian fields of Homer or of Vergil. As Wordsworth sings in "Laodomia," —

> "Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains."

This is a world —

> "whose course is equable and pure,
> No fears to beat away, — no strife to heal, —
> The past unsighed for, and the future sure."

Here are

> "heroic arts in graver mood
> Revived, with finer harmony pursued."

Pensiveness and melancholy are here, such as the soul must feel, shut out from the highest spiritual life; but the delights of reason remain, and the sages and bards are absorbed in lofty meditation and communion. The conception of such a state and place as Limbo bears witness to a spirit more generous and just than we have been wont to ascribe to mediæval theology.

But Limbo is not included within the confines of Hell, and at the entrance of this darker realm we feel the change in atmosphere and tone. On the very threshold each sinful soul stands in open confession, while Minos, the heathen judge, administers the sentence, a symbol of the heathen conscience which thus approves the decisions of the eternal world. Each sinner is self-condemned. Divine justice acts upon the guilty soul in no mechanical and outward fashion, but from within is the impulse that drives each onward to his merited punishment. Nor is there one complaint from these tortured souls that the penalty is beyond the sin. The tragedy of Prometheus, as Æschylus has portrayed it, conscience on the side of the sufferer and against the judge, is impossible in Dante's thought and vision. When Vergil speaks of himself, he is careful that he may not be confounded with actual transgressors punished in deeper circles, but he breathes no murmur against the Power that has shut him out of Paradise. Curses we hear, loud and deep, in diverse parts of hell, curses against self, against kindred, and against God, but not one voice denies its ill desert, and "every mouth is stopped," in the solemn language of the Apostle, while the whole wretched world is proven guilty before God.

This execution of justice from within outward, is

a constant feature in the teaching of Dante. In the "Purgatorio," no outward bounds hedge in the soul within one sphere of torment. Like Gerontius, in Newman's marvelous dream, the soul in Purgatory finds solace in her suffering, until she feels herself purged and ready to mount to another circle. Then, as she rises of her own volition, the mountain trembles in sympathy and exultation. Purification, first accomplished within the soul, is recognized and welcomed by all the universe as soon as manifest without. Even the delay before the process of purgation begins, the soul accepts as just, and patiently awaits the appointed hour. Casella, on the threshold of Purgatory, kept back from beginning his journey upward, says: —

> "No outrage has been done me,
> If he who takes both when and whom he pleases,
> Has many times denied to me this passage,
> For of a righteous will his own is made."

Following Aristotle, whom he reverences as *il maestro di color che sanno*, Dante divides all sins into three broad classes, — Incontinence, Bestiality, and Malice. These sins, with all their varied shades and forms, fall into successive and ever-deepening circles of infamy. Some critics discover in their order a single principle alone, the proportion of injury which each specific sin brings upon the sinner's fellow-men. As I read the poet, however,

this principle is subordinate to one far more profound, the depth of moral baseness which the specific sin betrays and involves. In the subdivision of the broad classes, this latter principle is certainly followed, for suicides and spendthrifts are ranged below robbers and homicides. This principle also best accords with Dante's view of sin, as something horrible and worthy of damnation in itself, quite apart from the consequences it brings to others. And with Dante, measure as well as kind, of punishment are strictly proportioned to the sin.

Incontinence, the first broad class, covers all inordinate indulgence of passion, appetite, and desire, whether the form be lust or gluttony, avarice or prodigality, anger or sullen gloom. These all are sins of surprise, which bring a speedy although it may be only a superficial feeling of revulsion, and hence do not imply of necessity a resolute perversity of will. But Incontinence tends downward, toward sins of darker dye. Lust dwells hard by hate. Sensual pleasure, of whatever kind, like the Medusa's head, which Dante makes its symbol, blinds the eye of the intellect and hardens the heart. Men who live in vice do not like to retain God in their knowledge: they think of the present alone, till at last they deny the spiritual life, disbelieve in the world to come, and, like the

fool, say in the heart, There is no God. This is the sphere of Bestialism, or besottedness, so called by the poet, because men, by denying their Maker, unmake His image in which they were created, and sink to the level of the brutes, who perceive no spiritual existence, and no life beyond the senses. Infidels and heretics fill this circle, the latter because, by representing God as other than He has revealed Himself, they really deny Him. But Bestiality is not a final stage: it leads to still deeper sin, to Malice. Men may forget God and deny all immortality, and yet retain the warmest feeling for humanity, — individuals in our own time are instances in point, — but Dante felt that the natural tendency of atheism is to the loss of human feeling. Can we deny, on the broad scale, that this is the result in society with its larger reading of life? History, at least, shows no instance where a community has lost all sense of the divine Fatherhood and yet has retained the feeling of human brotherhood. Malice makes our neighbor's injury its end, and is therefore a sin of deliberate purpose. This must explain the difference in punishment between certain sins in this category, and some that seem like these, but are punished under incontinence. But injury may be wrought in either of two ways, by force or by fraud. Violence, or force, may be used against our neighbor, ourselves, or God: and

in each of these cases its exercise may be direct, against the person, or indirect, against some possession, of the being wronged. Men who lay violent hands upon their neighbors, in person by death or wounds, or in property by rapine, are tyrants, murderers, and robbers. The suicide lays violent hands upon himself, the spendthrift upon his own property. Finally, the divine Majesty may be violated, in His blessed Person, in Nature, which is His child; in Art, which is His grandchild. Hence, within this class are found impious blasphemers, and also those who, ignoring the great law of Genesis, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," seek to live by the gains of usury. The second subdivision of Malice, Fraud, is the basest of sins. It may break the simple bond of natural confidence, or it may break beside this some special tie of trust. Hence, in ten pits are punished deceivers, flatterers, simoniacs, sorcerers, barterers of justice, hypocrites, thieves, evil counselors, schismatics, sowers of discord, and falsifiers. Last come the lowest sinners of all, traitors, divided into four classes, according as they have betrayed their kindred, their country, their guests, or their lords. These lowest circles of the pit, let it be said for the honor of humanity, are also the narrowest, and take their names from most infamous examples of these several crimes — Caina, Antenora, Ptolemæa,

and Judecca. Cain represents, of course, the betrayers of their kindred, the Trojan Antenor, betrayers of their country; Ptolemy the Younger who betrayed Pompey, betrayers of friends and guests; while Judas is fitly singled out as the betrayer of his Lord. In the lowest deep of all lies Lucifer, basest of ingrates, who, with unequalled gifts, turned against his Creator: in each of his three mouths hangs one of the three vilest traitors, as Dante held them, Judas, Brutus, and Cassius. The punishment of Brutus, and even of Cassius, may seem to us unjustly severe, but we must remember that to Dante the Roman Empire was established by the direct will of God, and whoever undermined its power was fighting against God. If we think of the thousand petty strifes that destroyed the divided cities of Italy, or contrast the turbulence and confusion that filled the world of that day, we shall not wonder that so large-minded a statesman as Dante longed for the restoration of a single government, built upon divine authority, to punish vaulting ambition, and maintain peace throughout the world.

Such, in rude outline, is the world of the lost, as Dante conceived it. The consistency and power of his conception become more impressive, the closer we study it, and it can bear comparison with any attempt to develop a system of sins and judgments

with which I am acquainted. M. Ortolan, professor of penal law in the faculty of Paris, has followed the development of his special science in literature as well as in law: he has studied with this purpose Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Shakespeare: "But the master of them all," he writes, "is Dante: their master in time, for he is earlier than they by nearly three centuries; their master in originality, no less, for in his conceptions vigorous unity is maintained through inexhaustible variety; his poem presents itself to our study as a complete system of punishments."

We turn now to consider the principle of adaptation, of analogy, in Dante's system. A favorite maxim of the eighteenth century declares those punishments the best which are most analogous to the crime. Analogy is the delight of the child, of primitive races, of the multitude: its simplicity and directness speak home to the heart: it needs no subtle and elaborate explanations. But, on the other hand, its charm lies in the variety of application which it makes possible. The analogy touches but a single point: that point may be found in the person of the criminal, the parts of the body brought into action, the means by which the deed was done, the person injured, the nature of the loss inflicted, or any of the manifold and multiform elements in the great drama of evil. Lift these elements, al-

ready so diverse, into the realm of imagination, let the ideal mingle with and mould the material, and the shades and forms of reprisal become a boundless field for the poet, with his gifts of symbolism and allegory and metaphor. Never was poet more keenly alive to the breadth of his opportunity than Dante. Never were simplicity and diversity, power and variety, combined more skilfully than in the "Divina Commedia."

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The whole "Inferno" is a comment and illustration, drawn from this single text. What fine sarcasm, at the beginning, separates the caitiff choir of neutral souls alike from heaven and from hell, despised by both! How fitly their colorless life on earth finds reward in the absolute ignominy and chaos of the outer darkness! We, too, would choose any lot rather than this: —

> "Misericordia e Giustizia gli sdegna;
> Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."[1]

"He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." In the sphere of Incontinence, those who have sown the wind reap the whirlwind. The incessant storm which sweeps the victims of lust before its blast is type of the ungovernable tem-

[1] *Inferno*, iii. 50, 51.

> "Mercy and justice scorn them both;
> Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

pest of passion within the soul. Cerberus, with three throats, emblem of unbridled appetite, a personified belly, as Miss Rossetti aptly calls him, bays in the ears of those who made the belly their god. The avaricious and the prodigals, antipodes in method, but one in the senseless waste of goods, imprisoned in a single circle, from opposite directions dash madly against each other with mutual revilings. Wrathful souls, true to their nature and their habit, smite one another not only with hands, but also with head, and breast, and feet. Gloomy sinners, who turned the daylight here to darkness, for others as well as for themselves, are plunged forever beneath the black waters of Styx: —

> "Fitti nel limo dicon: 'Tristi fummo
> Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s' allegra,
> Portando dentro accidioso fummo;
> Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.'
> Quest' inno si gorgoglian nella strozza,
> Che dir nol posson con parola integra."[1]

Two centuries later than Dante, the author of the "Imitation of Christ" sums up in stately Latin

[1] *Inferno*, vii. 121–126.

> "Fixed in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we,
> In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
> Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:
> Now in these murky settlings are we sad.'
> Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,
> But word distinct can utter none."

these vivid analogies of Dante: *In quibus homo peccavit, in illis gravius punietur. Ibi accediosi ardentibus stimulis pungentur, et gulosi ingenti fame ac siti cruciabuntur. Ibi luxuriosi et voluptatum amatores ardenti pice et fœtido sulphure perfundentur, et sicut furiosi canes præ dolore invidiosi ululabunt.*[1]

Nor is the law of analogy forgotten as we pass to graver and deeper sins, sins of the spirit as well as of the outer life. Within the city of Dis with its flaming walls, those who have insulted the Almighty by defiance or denial feel the vengeance of that God who is a consuming fire. Suicides, since they have thrown their manhood away, sink from sentient to vegetive existence, and alone of mortals after the resurrection will remain unclothed, their bodies which they despised hanging to the branches within which they are forever imprisoned. From the region of fire we descend to the fields of ice, where Malice finds punishment, — ice, the fit symbol of the hardening, chilling effect upon the heart when human affections lose their warmth, and the soul stiffens into selfishness. Sowers of discord, separaters of friends and kindred, pass and repass before a demon armed with the sword, who wounds, and rends, and cuts asunder their persons, with repeated strokes. Islam Dante views as a schism;

[1] *De Imitatione Christi*, I. xxiv. 3.

and Mahomet, as a divider, bears his face cleft from chin to brow. Such are striking examples of the varied analogies with which the poet suits the penalty to the sin.

This even-handed justice never falters. There is nothing to dazzle the eye, or divert the mind from the enormity, the loathsomeness, and the folly of the sin. Dante would have despised that respect of persons which excuses wickedness on the ground of friendship, kinship, or partisan and religious association. He never let the genius of the sinner cast a glamour over the baseness of the sin. His comrades in political life, his friends and kindred are measured by the same standard as the rest of the world. His countryman, Ciacco, he puts among the gluttons:[1] Cavalcante, father of his dear friend, Guido, rises in the fiery vault beside his enemy, Farinata:[2] his father's cousin, Geri del Bello, for whom he has no word but of sympathy, is found in the river of blood, where tyrants and their humbler imitators take their fill of gore.[3] Nor can all the genius of his revered teacher, Brunetto Latini, save him from the race-course of burning sand.[4] What place would he have found for the heartless selfishness of Goethe, or the narrow cynicism of Carlyle? Oh for an hour of his scourge of small cords in the

[1] *Inferno*, vi. 52. [2] x. 52.
[3] xix. 27. [4] xv. 30.

temple of our modern life, where princes are welcome however dissolute, and titled insolence claims the homage of society! His scathing words still ring in our ears, —

> "Quanti si tengon or lassu gran regi,
> Che qui staranno come porci in brago,
> Di se lasciando orribili dispregi!" [1]

At the same time the excellences of those who are punished receive their meed of fair praise. Dante was susceptible to admiration for high attainment in any sphere. He stood abashed before heroes and sages in Limbo. The great Saladin and even Mahomet fill his mind with awe. And to have conversed with the worthies of the lower world exalts him far above himself. He felt, too, the sense of human frailty, and owned that sympathy which must temper judgment in every generous soul. He does not forget that

> "tears to human suffering are due;
> And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
> Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
> As fondly he believes." [2]

The familiar story of Francesca, and the sadder

[1] *Inferno*, viii. 49–51.

> "There above
> How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
> Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
> Leaving behind them horrible dispraise!"

[2] *Laodomia.*

tale of Ugolino, are suffused with tenderness and pathos: of the latter, you remember, so cold a critic as Landor could say, "The thirty lines from *Ed io senti'* are unequalled by any other continuous thirty in the whole dominions of poetry." But no partiality could turn aside the wheel of Justice, and human feeling, far deeper than many of his critics are capable of sharing, cannot make him false for a moment to his great principle. We may call him severe and stern, but it is the severity and sternness of law, of nature, and, with all reverence Dante would have added, of God. Again and again he rebukes the easy-going sentimentalism which forgets the eternal distinction of right and wrong, and dares to criticise with narrow vision the verdicts of the Omniscient. "Now who art thou," cries the eagle of Paradise,

> "that on the bench would sit
> In judgment at a thousand miles away,
> With the short vision of a single span?"[1]

Traces of bitterness, of personal temper, I do not deny. The treatment of Filippo Argenti,[2] of Bocca degli Abati,[3] and, above all, of Frate Alberigo,[4] are simply unpardonable. But these are the only instances of cruelty I recall, and the tenor of the poem is far higher and sweeter than these.

[1] *Paradiso*, xix. 71–81, Longfellow.
[2] viii. 52–63. [3] xxxii. 97–106. [4] xxxiii. 148–150.

To appreciate Dante, however, we must not forget the age in which he lived, and his own relation to the church and her schools at that time. The "Divina Commedia" is not his work alone, nor the work of his century alone; it is the culmination of ten Christian centuries of intense thought and feeling regarding the other life and its relations to the present. "In philosophy," says Labitte, "he (Dante) completes St. Thomas: in history, he is a living commentary upon Villani. Wherever you go through the thankless valleys of the Middle Ages, this figure, at once sombre and luminous, appears at your side as an inevitable guide." So Ozanam, the prince of ultramontane commentators, pronounces the "Commedia" a "Summa" of all the philosophy of the age, and calls Dante the St. Thomas of poetry. Whatever may be said of Dante's orthodoxy in other particulars, and into this moot question I will not enter, in his eschatology, at least, he does not depart widely from the teaching of his church. His aim was not to invent or amend, but to give what was already believed a larger reality and a stronger hold upon the hearts of men, by unfolding the eternal justice that lay beneath the subtle distinctions of the schools. The broad outline of established doctrine he fully accepted. The divisions and general arrangement of the "Inferno," the very idea of the

"Purgatorio," the angelic hierarchies of the "Paradiso," all are the work of a faithful Catholic.

These subjects were only too familiar to men of his age. They delighted to dwell in imagination upon the after life, with its baffling but ever-stimulating mysteries. Legend after legend recounted descents to the under-world, and art vied with romance in giving color and body to eternal scenes. Even the details of Dante's vision in many cases have been anticipated by artists of earlier days. In the crypt of the Cathedral at Auxerre is a fragment that paints the triumph of Christ as minutely as Dante describes it in the "Purgatorio." Paintings of Hell and Paradise abound in cathedrals of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and all forms of torture are exhausted in the sculpture of that time. When Dante studied in Paris, he cannot have failed to wonder at the western gate of Nôtre Dame, with its varied scenes of punishment and blessedness. A single French archæologist has gathered over fifty illustrations of the poem from earlier art. The same coarse and materialistic forms of torture are found in painting and in poem. It was not an age of fine sensibilities. To appeal effectively to hearers and readers, the imagery had to be made vivid and powerful. The preachers of the age used kindred illustrations. Rome felt her religious empire already shaken by

the profane hand of doubt, and to check this dangerous foe, her clergy invoked more boldly the fears of eternal torment. With all these materials at hand, with the very form in some measure prescribed, the world waited a poet to combine in a symmetrical whole the scattered fragments of myth, and legend, and allegory, cast the glow of imagination over the dullness of dogma, and call creation out of chaos.

This Dante did, and his work stands, like the Gothic cathedral, an eternal symbol of the faith of builder and worshippers alike. Much of what is grotesque and hard in the poem belongs to the times and not to the man. The vividness of description, the blaze of the very flames in the reader's eyes, the rivers of blood, the solid floor of ice, those hideous nightmares of devils and fabled monsters, Dante did not invent, but used with higher purpose than his contemporaries. The consummate genius must rise above his age, indeed; he must rise above what is unworthy and coarse in the thought of his fellows. But even inspiration must lower itself to the understanding of the creature, and we must not make too great demands of the foremost souls. Shakespeare has written much that a better era forgets, and Jonathan Edwards, with a heart like St. John, shows how hard is the bondage of an inhuman theology. Let Dante be

judged by the same rule, and we shall forget his harshness, and remember the fearless boldness which doomed popes to the same punishment with people, the firm trust in the great truths of the Gospel, and the faith in a divine Love large enough to welcome every repentant sinner, whatever the church or the clergy might declare.

Once more, we must remember the author's intense personality. In narrow minds this power becomes a prejudice to warp and degrade its every expression: in noble minds, it only deepens conviction, and gives each utterance the force of reality. What others gain by reasoning, such minds attain by insight. Here is the difference between Dante and Milton. Milton's paradise lay quite without his own experience: Dante's poem is the record of his inner history. Where Milton imagined, Dante saw. He had passed through all these gloomy scenes himself; he needed no effort of imagination to summon them before himself and then before his readers. He spoke, like the Bedford tinker, with the authority of the eye-witness. "He no more doubted of that Malebolge Pool," says Carlyle, "that it all lay there with its gloomy circles, its *alti guai*, and that he himself should see it, than we doubt that we should see Constantinople, if we went thither."

Each of the three *Cantiche* of the poem has been

linked with the period of his life to which it belongs, and whose character it reflects. The "Inferno" belongs to the years which immediately follow his banishment. His heart smarted beneath the wrong, his thoughts were full of the civic strife. In each verse is the bloody wound, and throughout the thunders of conflict reëcho. The "Purgatorio" was written far from home, when the first bitterness of exile was over, while new hope rose in his breast, as the approach of Henry VII. quickened Ghibelline expectation. The "Paradiso" belongs to the last years of his life, when earthly hates were forgotten, and earthly hopes had all withered, when heaven alone could charm the weary soul. Then it was,

> "da martiro
> E da esiglio venne a questa pace."

Such is the personal element in his vision. His life was full of hardship and thankless toil. He knew the sorrow for ingratitude, he had proved

> "come sa di sale
> Lo pane altrui, e com' e duro calle
> Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale."[1]

Do we wonder that from this world he turned to the other for relief? that, homeless here, he

[1] *Paradiso*, xvii. 58–60.

> "How salt the savor is of other's bread;
> How hard the passage to descend and climb
> By other's stairs!"

sought a resting place there? or that the chief charm of the after-life, to him, lay in the even-handed justice which was to set right the troubled present? There he could flee from the tyranny of fact to the righteous rule of truth. There he could fashion for himself a realm of perfect justice, where every wrong should find redress, and every right be crowned. And as he dwelt upon the righteousness of God, these dreams he knew must some fair day come true. Out of his dreams and longings rose before his eyes the city of God, that Rome where Christ is a Roman, the one eternal city, of which every soul that loves and chooses righteousness, however exiled here, is already a citizen, although he must pass now through the purgatorial flames. On the other side, lurid against the utter darkness, loomed up the city of Dis, walled round with fire, and peopled by souls so deeply sunk in sin that repentance, and therefore pardon, were no longer possible. Between these two lay the sphere where goodness, still entangled with evil, must struggle on the upward path. These realms of reality lifted his mind above the world of sense, and in the calm contemplation of his majestic vision he learned the lesson of patience and self-mastery.

POEMS AND HYMNS.

POEMS AND HYMNS.

FRA ANGELICO.

I LIKE the story of that monk who knelt
  In prayer devout, and, lest some thought of sin
  Should mar its grace, dared not his work begin
Till in the silence of his heart he felt
Thought grow divine and earthly longings melt
  Beneath God's touch, and o'er the Babel din
  Heard the clear whisper of the Christ within.
What wonder, when such inspiration dwelt
  In his calm bosom, that he dared not rise,
But day by day, with meek and lowly heart,
  Painted upon his bended knees, and wise
Deemed not the work his own, but his the part
  To seize what God revealed unto his eyes,
And bid the panel glow with holy art.

CAMBRIDGE, 29 *May*, 1874.

SUNRISE ON MOUNT MOOSILAUKE.

LONG lines of light against the trembling gray
Slow flushed with red: above, more faint and few,
The billowy clouds: beneath, in waves of blue
That rose and fell, dark ranges stretched away
Where in broad mists the lakes and rivers lay,
Dim thro' the dawn. Outlined to clearer view,
As mount from mount his lofty head withdrew,
A hundred peaks turned patient toward the day.
O'er the steep height of Carrigain at last
Rose the red disc, and touched the mists to gold.
Kinsman's smooth slope and rifted Lafayette
Still lay in purple bathed, till higher yet
Thro' golden clouds the glorious sun uprolled,
And o'er the world the glow of daylight cast.

2 *September*, 1887.

SUNDAY AT SEA.

FATHER, whose hands first framed and still uphold
Both skies and seas with all their depths conceal,
In this thy temple on thy day I kneel
In lowly love and worship. Fold on fold,
Gray curtains shot with light — even as of old
In rapt Isaiah's vision fell the train
Of heavenly splendor — skirt the solemn main:
Above the blue vault hangs, with lamp of gold
Lighted each day anew. No voice I hear,
No sail the distance whitens. Silent, swift,
Our good ship forges on, the only shrine
Man's hands have reared. Yet ever, far and near,
The murmuring waves in lowly worship lift
White hands of prayer, and mingle praise with mine.

S. S. ALASKA, 8 *July*, 1888.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

HERE Shakespeare's eyes first opened to the sun.
These vine-wreathed elms, green fields, and skies of blue
Cradled his infancy. Here first he drew
Love's breath of life, and here his first songs won
Love's praise. What wonder when his course had run
In wider circles, tried of heart but true,
Hither he came the old life to renew,
And sleep by Avon when his life was done!

So should the favored life begin and end:
Child unto man and birth with death close bound.
An even stream through all the channel flows:
The friend of youth should be old age's friend,
The natal bells the passing knell should sound,
And on familiar scenes the eyelids close!

15 *August*, 1888.

IN GRASMERE CHURCHYARD.

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."
Lines near Tintern Abbey.

FULL twoscore years the poet's form has slept
In Grasmere churchyard. Friends have long ago
Followed him, one by one. The places know
Him still that knew him once, nor stone has kept
His name alone. The very turf he stept
Upon seems to remember. Murmuring low,
Fair Rothay's waters with a gentler flow
Bend round his grave. The faithful dews have wept
Him morn and eve anew, and year by year
Have spread a richer verdure o'er the sod.
No human hands have scattered blossoms here,
And all is fresh as from the hands of God;
Yet — mark how Nature holds her lover dear —
Twin buttercups above the grasses nod!

13 *July*, 1888.

STAFFA AND IONA.

BEHOLD the temple wrought in living rock
For Nature's worship! When together sung
For joy the morning-stars, their voices rung
Through these dark aisles. This pavement, block by block,
Was laid deep in the sunless seas to mock
The angry waves. When yonder vault was hung,
On either side a thousand pillars sprung
To lift its arch above the tempest's shock.

Temple not made with hands! Man, taught by thee,
Might well have learned his lofty fanes to rear,
Touching to purpose new the lifeless stone:
Yet ages passed ere man's foot ventured near
Thy shore, while in thy maker's ear alone
Thundered the deep bass of the restless sea!

STAFFA AND IONA.

FAR o'er the sea, mile after barren mile,
What green hills slope toward the northern strand?
One square gray tower I see: on either hand
Are broken walls. It is Columba's isle,
Sea-girt Iona. Yonder massive pile,
That chapel small, those ruined cloisters, stand
Where the brave saint gathered his little band,
And sent forth light to Britain. Slow defile
Before mine eyes long lines of chiefs and kings,
Brought hither by his dust to lie at rest
With abbots who of old his crozier bore.
Thus, though no more his living presence flings
Its light and splendor o'er the island blest,
His name still breathes from rock and hill and shore.

OBAN, SCOTLAND, 22 *July*, 1888.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

SOFT falls the sunlight o'er the minster gray;
The stately tower, the cloisters dim and lone,
The graves where abbots of the ages gone
Are laid. No rude hand here hath swept away
Mullion or shaft. The fingers of decay
With slow and gentle touches, one by one,
Have loosened arch and wall and crumbling stone,
And left the ruins of an elder day!

Man's worship ceases: Nature's doth not so.
Both priest and choir are gone. But over all
Ivy and greensward live, the thrushes sing
Their matins in the yew-trees, waters flow
Beneath the cloisters, and the wild pinks swing
Their censers rich with incense from the wall!

1 *August*, 1888.

STONEHENGE.

WHERE leaden skies the low horizon meet,
Thy gray stones tower above the rolling plain
In lonely grandeur. Half thy pillared fane
In ruin lies. Yet is thine altar-seat
To yonder sun-stone true, as when complete
Thy sacred circles stood, when bloody stain
Ran down thy slaughter-block, and mad amain,
The druids danced beneath thy cruel feet!

Mysterious shrine! Thy lichened stones have kept
Their secret well! Dane, Saxon, Roman, knew
Little as we thy meaning dark and dread!
And none shall know, till those awaken, who
Beneath thy grassy barrows long have slept,
And at the judgment earth gives up her dead!

SALISBURY PLAIN, 21 *August*, 1888.

"PEACE, BE STILL."

DEAR Lord, who once upon the lake
  Of stormy Galilee,
Didst from Thy weary pillow wake
  To hush the wind and sea, —

Come at our prayer, and speak Thy peace
  Within each troubled breast;
Bid the loud winds of passion cease,
  And waves of wild unrest.

Let that deep calm our bosoms fill,
  That dwells for aye with those
Who lose their wishes in Thy will,
  And in Thy love repose!

"FEED MY LAMBS."

TO A TEACHER OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

WHEN the Master long ago
Walked this weary world below,
Mothers in the throng and press
Brought their babes for Him to bless,
And from lane and dusty street
Children gathered at His feet.

As of old the Master stands:
Still with blessings in His hands,
From green lane and dusty street
Calls the children to His feet,
Saying, as in Galilee,
"Bring the little ones to Me!"

Still He puts His parting test
To the hearts that love Him best:
"Simon, as thou lovest Me,
"Let these lambs thy burden be:
"Other work the world may ask,—
"Here is love's divinest task!"

Brother, thou hast clearly heard
Through the years the Master's word!
In thine heart His voice has said,
While His hand lay on thy head,
"Unto thee this task is given,
"Lead these little feet to heaven!"

Weary is the world and wide:
Many calls on every side
Claim our hearts and fill our hands:
Yet, methinks, the Master stands
With the old, familiar test:
"This is his who loves Me best!"

When thy day of toil is past,
And the Master comes at last,
Be it thine before His Face
Now to hear His word of grace:
"In each child entrusted thee
"Thou hast loved and honored Me!"

MALDEN, 22 *October*, 1891.

THE RETURN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

NOT long on Hermon's holy height
The heavenly vision fills our sight;
We may not breathe that purer air,
Nor build our tabernacles there!

One moment, like the favored Three,
We share that blessed company,
Where Moses and Elijah shine,
Transfigured in the light divine!

The vision fades; the splendor dies:
The saints have sought again the skies:
The homely garb the Master wore
Is bright with sudden glow no more.

If with the Master we would go,
Our feet must thread the vale below,
Where dark the lonely pathways wind,
The golden glory left behind.

Where hungry souls ask One to feed,
Where wanderers cry for One to lead,
Where helpless hearts in chains are bound, —
There shall the Master still be found!

Nor Moses nor Elijah then
We long to see appear again:
No tabernacles by the way
We build the Master's steps to stay!

There, bending patient o'er His task,
No raiment white our eyes shall ask,
Content, while through each cloud we trace
The glory of the Master's Face!

MALDEN, 13 *September*, 1891.

FOR THE COMMUNION SEASON.

I.

How blest Thy first disciples, Lord,
Whom Thou didst choose to walk with Thee;
Who daily met around Thy board,
And made Thy home and family!

How blest, when throng and press were gone,
And weary day herself had fled,
From all the noisy world withdrawn,
Alone with Thee to break the bread!

Has the long day its burden brought?
Are heavy hearts in sorrow bound?
What sweet relief in kindly thought!
What sympathy with Thee is found!

For every care Thou hast an ear;
Thou knowest all their changing moods:
What stirs the timid Philip's fear, —
Why thoughtful Thomas sadly broods.

Ah! who would such a meeting miss!
What strength is here to nerve the will!
How fair a home for hearts is this!
Who would not long to find it still!

And is the vision vain as sweet?
Nay, Lord! Thy table here is spread!
And ever, where disciples meet,
Thy blessed hands still break the bread!

We see Thee not: yet when we turn,
These moments melt in memory,
And all our hearts within us burn,
For we have met and talked with Thee!

MALDEN, 7 *January*, 1890.

II.

BEFORE us, Lord, Thy board is spread,
Thy love's unchanging token:
We share the cup, we take the bread,
Thy body bruised and broken:
And at Thy table, met with Thee,
Thy word, "In memory of Me,"
Once more to us is spoken!

No lengthening years of mist and gloom
Have power to change or bound Thee:
To-day, as in the upper room
Thy first disciples found Thee,
O let Thy Presence still our fears,
Remove our doubts, and dry our tears,
While here we gather round Thee!

We come, our hearts anew to yield
To Thee for Thy possessing:
We come, with lips but now unsealed,
A new-found love confessing:
Grant us, O Lord, Thy promised grace,
Reveal to each Thy loving Face,
And breathe on all Thy blessing!

Thou knowest all our varied need,
Our gladness and our grieving:
What joys allure, what hopes mislead,
With false lights still deceiving:
With Thee we leave our troubled past,
With Thee our future, dim and vast, —
All things from Thee receiving!

While here we hold communion sweet,
The dear, remembered faces
Of friends unseen, again we meet
In their familiar places:
For one with Thee is one with all
Who hear Thy voice and own Thy call,
Throughout the starry spaces!

MALDEN, 6 *July*, 1890.

THE LAST EASTER.

O LORD of Life, once laid in Joseph's tomb,
Around Thy grave the garden bursts in bloom, —
Thy glory breaks the world's long night of gloom!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou for us all didst hang upon the tree;
The burden of our sins was borne by Thee;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy sorrows set us free!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Now all is o'er, — Thy toil, Thy grief, Thy pain;
The vail of death by Thee is rent in twain;
Thine earthly loss is our eternal gain!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Henceforth, through hours of ease and days of care,
Help us with Thee our daily cross to bear,
Strong in Thy strength, and brave Thy cup to share!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

When through dark vales our lonely pathway lies,
Though hearts may faint, and tears may dim our eyes,
Thy light shall guide our footsteps to the skies!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

And when, at last, our work on earth is o'er,
Lead us, where Thou hast trod the path before,
Through death to life with Thee forevermore!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

MALDEN, 2 *April*, 1893.